

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Photo by

W. A. G.

# THE BRITISH MUSEUM FOR CHILDREN

BY FRANCES EPPS

REVISED AND EDITED BY  
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## PREFACE

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"THE BRITISH MUSEUM FOR CHILDREN" originally appeared in the form of articles in *The Parents' Review* for 1906-8, and in that form was used by several teachers in connection with the Parents' Union School.

These articles were so much appreciated that the supply of *The Parents' Reviews* containing them was exhausted. Mrs. Epps was therefore asked to publish them in book form, and she gladly undertook to do so, as she was most anxious that British children should understand and therefore appreciate their great heritage, the British Museum. She was unable to finish the work she had so much at heart, as she passed away in August, 1913. Having had the privilege of studying Mrs. Epps' articles under her personal guidance in the Museum, I wished as a mark of gratitude for her kind help, and with the assistance of her family to carry through the publication of the book.

It has been found necessary to revise all the positions of the objects mentioned, and I have ascertained, through the courtesy of Sir Frederick Kenyon, that the further changes that must necessarily be made owing to the opening of the new Edward VII wing will be very gradual, and need not alter the text of the book for some years to come.

The first change to be made will affect the upper Egyptian and Babylonian-Assyrian Rooms; some of the objects will be moved into the rooms at present occupied by those illustrating the Religions of the World. The positions may possibly be changed and probably new exhibits will be added, but none will be taken away.

For some years I have been in the habit of teaching from *The British Museum for Children*, and though it is more interesting to those who can go to see the objects in the Museum, I have found that those who have been too far away to do so have entered keenly

into the lessons and have made an effort at the earliest opportunity to see what they already consider to be "familiar old friends." To make the recognition easier, it has been thought advisable to illustrate the book with a number of photographs from the objects in the Museum, though it has been a difficult task to know which of the treasures to include. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Messrs. W. A. Mansell & Co. for their valuable help in this matter. It has been quite impossible to illustrate the Greek Vases, therefore the *Guide to the Greek and Roman Antiquities* (British Museum) should be used when studying Chapters II, IV, V, and VI.

Should anyone wish for further illustration in the other chapters, they cannot do better than get the various fully illustrated British Museum Guides mentioned at the end of each chapter. Many modern books have pictures taken from the objects in the Museum.

In the first chapter Mrs. Epps suggests getting a small exercise-book and keeping a "Museum Notebook." I have found in the working that it is better to have a larger interleaved book and to proceed with it as follows:—Leave a few blank pages at the end for maps of the countries mentioned in the text, and at the top of the seventh lined page from the end, write "20th Century A.D." Then work *backwards* in the book, writing at the top of each lined page respectively "19th Century A.D.," "18th Century A.D.," etc., till "1st Century A.D." Continue then from "1st Century B.C." till about the "45th Century B.C."—earlier dates can be added as required. Use the first few pages for the Prehistoric Times mentioned in Chapter I. Each century will thus have a lined page on which the facts are to be placed according to date, and a blank page for the illustrations of that century. As some of the illustrations will be taken from objects other than those found in the Museum, e.g., Cleopatra's Needle, it has been thought better to call the notebook "Book of Centuries."

Interleaved books thus named can be procured at the Parents' National Educational Union, 26, Victoria Street, S.W. It has been found helpful to have a separate exercise-book for pasting in newspaper cuttings about recent finds, and a small post-card album in which to place any of the excellent post-cards which can be bought at the Museum.

In putting these articles before the public in book form, I hope that many children and teachers may derive as much pleasure as my pupils and I have from the care and thought that Mrs. Epps expended in selecting the best from each room as an introduction to more advanced study later on. In accordance with the principle of the Parents' Union School, that education should be the "opening of doors" to the great interests in life, the "Book of Centuries" may be started during school days, but it cannot be finished then, and will therefore prove a constant source of pleasure when more extensive travel provides further illustration and record.

G. M. BERNAU

*(Ex-Student of the House of Education  
Ambleside).*

BLACKHEATH, S.E.

*September, 1914.*

## PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION

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As there has been extensive rearrangement of the rooms in the British Museum since its re-opening, I have revised as far as possible this third edition of *The British Museum for Children*, but owing to the structural works still being carried on in the *Greek Vase Rooms*, any reference to these must for the present remain unaltered.

Since the publication of the first edition, I have received so many requests to show children over the British Museum, that I now take organized parties. I am also ready to visit schools to give any help in the drawing up of the "Book of Centuries." Further particulars can be obtained from the address given below.

G. M. BERNAU.

13, BRYANSTON STREET, W.1.

July, 1921.

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION AND PREHISTORIC TIMES

As we pass along Great Russell Street on our way to enjoy our great national heritage, grown so great during two hundred years that it will take us months, nay, years to study it, let us in imagination see the street as it was when the nation chose Montague House, Bloomsbury, in which to store and exhibit the treasures that had come into its possession.

"How far from town, so inconvenient," said the grumblers of the time, for here at this north-west corner by the Tottenham Court Road stood a farm where boys used to trespass in order to bathe or to fly kites! Next to that came some houses belonging to the "quality," whose back windows had a glorious uninterrupted view of the Hampstead and Highgate hills, and sweet was the fresh air blowing from them over the meadows.

Next came two large mansions in fine grounds. The first was our Montague House; the second, Bedford House, at one time the home of the brave Lady Rachel Russell, fit wife for a patriot; and it was the beautiful gardens of this house that are so pleasantly spoken of by Thackeray in *The Virginians*. But the garden of Montague House itself "had the pre-eminence," as an old writer of the time puts it, and as we walk up through them in imagination, we see terraces and statues, groves of trees, lawns with beds of sweet flowers. And we are by no means alone in this beautiful garden: for a long time people of fashion used to saunter here; can you see them in brocade and high heels, in embroidered coats and lace frills? Can you hear their chat and laughter as they pass with low bow and deep curtsy? One feels that these grand folk can have but little interest in the books and manuscripts, together with the collections, by this time arranged in the "large and handsome if not very tasteful" mansion before them, and thrown open to the public, that is to say to such "studious and curious" persons as were provided with tickets which admitted them at stated hours for a stated time.

The visitors—only ten were allowed in at a time, and one of the rules, sad to say, was that no children should be admitted—were



taken from case to case by an official, and were often much disappointed to see and understand so little of the beautiful and interesting things before them.

Within a hundred years all was changed. Bloomsbury was no longer suburban. Lady Rachel's house had been pulled down about 1800; her beautiful garden built over, and the sad prophecy made at the time had, alas, come true, Great Russell Street had "become mere London, smoaky and dark." The farm, with its stream, its fields and trespassing boys, had all disappeared; flowers could no longer be coaxed to grow in the now smutty gardens, for miles of houses by this time shut out the view of the northern hills and the healthy breezes from them.

As for Montague House with its grand staircase, painted walls and ceilings, that too had disappeared bit by bit as the present Museum rose in its place. Fresh collections of all kinds came in by degrees, more and more space was always needed, till at last not only was the site of the old house covered, but the greater part of the beautiful garden was built over too.

Now you are not obliged to be "studious or curious" to gain admission. All, learned or unlearned, children as well as their elders, are free to come and go through the day as they please, and the place of the old grumpy official is filled by most interesting guides as well as good illustrated guide books, which may be bought in the entrance hall, also maps and descriptive labels are to be found everywhere.

Before starting on the study of the different departments, will you prepare your museum notebook? \* When you hear that you are going to examine specimens of brother man's work from all over the world, from all time—six thousand years ago (and more) till the present—you will feel you want a notebook in which to enter what you see and learn, so that it may all remain distinct and clear in your memory.

[This is the plan of our Museum notebook.]

Take an exercise-book of about twenty-six double leaves. Rule a thick line down the middle opening; this line represents the time of the birth of Christ. Now write the letters A.D. at the top of twenty pages after the middle line, and B.C. at the top of forty-five

\* Now called "Book of Centuries," for drawing up of which, see Editorial Preface.

pages before the line. Each page represents a hundred years, and is to be headed, under the letters A.D., beginning from the middle line, first century, second century, on to the twentieth century; next, under the letters B.C., starting backwards from the middle line, you will write, first century, second century, and so on back to the forty-fifth century. This will bring you to near the beginning of your book. The first few pages are for writing down in order the notes you will make about some of the very oldest things in the Museum, before history and dates began.]

"What years and years," you will say as you head your pages: some, a great many, may always remain empty; but little by little, as you study the collections, travelling round the world from Egypt to Japan, from Assyria to Mexico, and passing through the centuries from prehistoric times to the present, you will add to your store and make the old times live again.

[The pages after the twentieth century A.D. will be found useful for any sketches too large to find room in the century to which they belong, also to paste in cuttings about recent finds, and to write lists of books you may hear of, about the various times and countries you are studying.]

Perhaps you will like first to enter a few names and facts that you already know. Queen Victoria? Turn to the nineteenth century A.D., and write her beloved name towards the middle of the page. The founding of the British Museum? Turn back a page, and write it in the middle of the eighteenth century. The Great Charter? Still a few pages back to the thirteenth century. The coming of the Romans to Britain? Open the book in the middle and write Julius Cæsar about the centre of the first century B.C., and Claudius in a corresponding place in the first century A.D.

And now having admired the very green lawns, all that is left of the lovely old garden, and the fine front with its columns, and the pigeons (a little girl was heard to say she thought the pigeons the best part of the Museum, but then she was very little!), we are ready to mount the staircase in the great entrance hall to the

### *Prehistoric Room*

in search of the treasures from the "Time of the Very Beginnings," before the "High and Far-Off Times" that you will enter presently in the centuries of your book.

It is our good Mother Earth who has kept all these things, now stored in the cases before you, safely on her broad bosom till men were ready to appreciate and try to understand the lesson they had to teach. She has kept the oldest of them for such long ages, that we can only make guesses at how long by studying the crust of our earth and by carefully noticing how, when and where the various things are found.

We all know the interest and delight of a "find," whether it be a stone that may prove a pebble, or a fossil, or even a rabbit's skull bleached by the rain and sun on the hillside; so we can well enter into the feelings of those fortunate finders, who through all time have picked up a chipped flint knife out of the gravel, an arrow-head or bead in a cave, or who, maybe, more exciting still, while digging a well, draining a field or even dredging the shore, have come upon the bones of some huge unknown animal. These things, if found since the beginning of last century, are studied and compared and put into collections, and the bones are fitted together, and the skeletons completed and set up in natural history museums and classified and named; and as more and more are found in various parts of the world, we hope to learn yet more and more of the dim silent past to which they belong.

But with the old finders it was different. The flint or arrow-head, seen to be different from ordinary unworked stones, as well as unlike any implements in use, was thought long ago to have fallen from the sky or to be the work of invisible people, not ordinary men; it was thought too that little underground creatures must have lived in the caves and left their possessions there. Then followed the idea that the work of beings beyond nature must have powers beyond nature, and so it came to be believed that these stones would act as charms to give health and wealth to the wearer, or that if put in the drinking trough, the cattle would keep well, or that a little dust scraped from one would make a fine powder for a sick child.

Can you fancy that possibly from stones such as these before you may have come some of the beginnings of your favourite stories of fairies, elves and brownies? And what about the dragons and giants? Why, you have only to go and look at some of the large bones in the east wing of the Natural History Museum to realize how easy it must have been for people to think they were the re-

mains of monsters, who grew and grew round the family firesides, till the giants had at least seven heads, and stepped out leagues at a time, with voices and appetites to match ; and the dragons, not to be left behind, acquired terrible claws and tails, as well as lungs that breathed smoke, and eyes that flashed real fire!

Before mounting the spiral staircase to the narrow gallery which runs round the north wall of the room, it is interesting to study in a table-case on the left the difference between flints rolled and chipped in a natural way and those chipped by the hand of man. In some cases the flakes chipped off a flint have been put together again round the core, and it will be seen how sharp the edges can be. And these flint tools or implements had need to be sharp and strong, for as we know they are the oldest in the world, and again as far as we know, were the only weapons that their makers and users had to protect themselves from the wild animals around them—and such wild animals!

Do you know Bournemouth Cliffs, Herne Bay, Eastbourne? As you will see by the labels on the specimens in the cases in the gallery headed "River Drift," many of these rough knives have been found in these places and in many more all over England and France, chiefly in gravel beds on the sides of old river valleys, and they must have dropped from the hands of our very oldest brothers when the face of the land was quite different from what it is now.

Change is always going on in this world of ours ; occasionally suddenly as by an earthquake or a tidal wave ; but more generally very slowly, as is shown in the changing of a coast line ; think of this as you draw your maps. You may have seen how the chalk cliffs have fallen at Ramsgate, or the earthy ones have been washed away at Dunwich between two visits, or you may have noticed how a river shifts its bed, ever so little year by year, leaving gravel and stones high and dry that it used to flow over.

As you ponder over the map of Europe as it is to-day, and over those in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, as well as the models there, showing changes that must have taken ages to accomplish, try to imagine the north-west of Europe as it is supposed to have been when the Driftmen lived in it. The English and Irish Channels were dry land, so that the huge beasts who have left their bones among us—elephants in Suffolk, bears in Devonshire, reindeer in the Thames—could range about without hindrance.

The Rhine then emptied itself into a North Sea, whose southern shore lay between Scotland and Denmark, carrying with it, it is thought, the waters of the Thames and Ouse, much larger rivers than they are now. It is not easy to imagine the Thames stretching from Highbury to Clapham (see the relief map at the top of the staircase), yet the presence of the river gravel beds tells us of Father Thames' former greatness, and more than that, the chipped flint implements found in them show that there were men there to see it—countless years ago.

Perhaps you noticed a map of England at the bottom of the spiral staircase, stuck with black and white headed pins; the white ones show spots where flint knives have been found in the gravel, and the black ones the sites of caves that have been explored, and now we come to the cases of relics found in them.

You will remember Rudyard Kipling's delightful description in the *Just-so Stories* of how a home began in a cave. The woman got tired of the wild ways of her wild husband, and of sleeping in wet woods and tramping about, so she hung a horse-skin across the mouth of a nice dry cave, sanding the floor, making a comfortable bed and kindling a fire. Then she said, "Wipe your feet, dear, before you come in!"

Most likely this is how people began to live in caves (barring the door mat!), and a most wonderful and romantic story is unfolded by means of the objects dug up from the various layers that form their floors.

The first inhabitants of a cave naturally left their remains the deepest down; in one case it was the hyæna, who left his gnawed bones—he seems to have preferred rhinoceros; next to that the baby elephant left his milk teeth, you may see them in the Natural History Museum in the case of things from Kent's Cavern, near Torquay. Now, a man living there (in one cave his favourite food was hare) went out one day never to return, and left his hare bones and chipped flints behind him. The state in which most of these things are found, sealed up as it were in hard brown mud or earth, can be seen in the pieces of "breccia," as it is called, shown in the cases in the gallery, and there is also a large block from a French cave in a table-case near the centre of the room; in it you can see very plainly the bits of bone and flints. On the top of this "breccia" in some caves there is a thick layer of sand deposited by the floods, showing that for

a long time in the caves there was no growling of beasts, no voice of man, only the quiet swish-swishing of the water or the droppings from the roof. Presently the cave became drier, and perhaps some woolly bears and their cubs used it for a home, or even a tiger—a tiger of the sabre tooth—made it his lair.

Then another pause in the life of the cave, and more mould and sand laid down, and then perhaps a layer of earth containing better made and more varied implements belonging to man. Sometimes near the surface are found touching and beautiful relics from a time not so very far from our own, but ages and ages later than that of the first people who had sheltered from storm or enemies in that same cave-dwelling. You will notice the harpoons in bone for catching fish, the spearheads, arrow-heads, spear-shaped knives in flint, the bone needles to sew together the coverings of skins, the necklaces of shells and teeth.

Do you remember that the cat in the "Just-So" story played with a spindle whorl to amuse the baby? Here are some from the top layer in a cave; the spindle on which the thread was wound, passed through the hole in the round stone, which gave weight as it was twirled rapidly round in the fingers.

But the most interesting and wonderful things of all in the specimens of the cave-men's work are their drawings and carvings. These first artists—their work comes chiefly from the French caves—picking up a piece of an elephant's tusk or a smooth stone that lay handy, took their sharpened flints and sketched the great mammoth himself as he looked to their eyes, or the reindeer they watched fighting with horns locked, or the horses and oxen they saw feeding. They not only drew but carved the forms of the animals round them, to make handles for their implements or to adorn their belongings. Beside the cast showing the drawing of the mammoth done ages back is a photograph of one of these huge creatures, as he looked when taken a few years ago out of the icy tomb of frozen mud that had held him for untold years in the cliffs of Siberia. In the Natural History Museum you will find more pictures of him, pictures of his long woolly coat, and his bones in great number.

Another set of prehistoric people have left their story in their kitchen refuse heaps. You can study it in this case containing a section of one of the mounds from Denmark. Since they were formed by the casting out of the daily waste, the coast line has had time to

gain three or four miles, and the Baltic must have had a much wider mouth than it has now. These old people, who must have led lives such as the Tierra del Fuegians do now, lived on oysters, not found in the Baltic now, and on other shell fish, on birds, and some animals, and they made rough pottery and carelessly threw away good flint knives sometimes as well as the old worn-out ones.

On the other side of the room are the objects found in the various flint workings or mines.

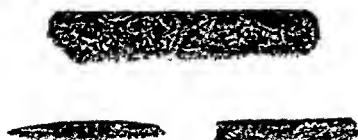
After a time it had evidently been discovered that flints freshly dug out of the chalk were easier to work than the harder ones lying on the surface. So shafts were sunk and galleries made and here the miners worked with stone wedges and hammers and these picks made of red-deer horn. One of these picks is particularly interesting, bearing as it does the impress of the miner's thumb (his thumbograph?) as he last grasped it with wet chalky hands. The little cups whittled out of the chalk are supposed to have held a light, as the galleries are some way from the surface.

Passing on round the upper gallery, we notice that the flint implements become less rough, better shaped, some are even ground and polished, and there is a much greater variety, for here you see specimens from all over the world, India, Japan, Africa, America; they belong to the prehistoric times of these lands, and have been found in gravel beds and in caves, as were those we have studied from France and England.

We must not miss some twisted-looking bits of wood found while draining a lake in Cumberland. Most of these pear-shaped implements, now so familiar to us, are supposed to have been fastened or hafted into wooden handles. Here is one of the few handles that have been found, and it must be compared with the interesting models and casts in a table-case below, and also with the objects in the last case you will examine before going down the spiral staircase. These objects are selections of the work of the savage people, as we call them, of to-day—the Australian Bushmen, the Caledonian Islanders. You will find much more of it in the *Ethnographical Gallery*; flint implements of every description, many hafted into handles like those from the old ones found in Cumberland; compare these modern ones with those from prehistoric times, and what a great chain we see binding the far-away times with the present; and as we look along it, we can realize a little how a “thousand



Stone Implements from the Drift. Hoxne, Herne Bay, and Gray's Inn Lane—page 9.



Bones with Engraved Figures.  
Cave near Bruniquel, France—page 7.



Flint and Stone Implements.  
Ireland—page 9.



Bronze Implements. England and Ireland—page 11.



years may seem as yesterday," or pass "as a watch in the night."

You will find but little difficulty in choosing your illustrations for the first few pages of your notebook. The first page may be headed "River Drift," and you will see a fine handsome specimen found with elephant's bones in Gray's Inn Lane, in one of the "Drift" cases, to begin with. On the next page, "The Caves," there are the earliest drawings and sculptures to copy, the tools, the needles and harpoons. The next page, the "Kitchen Middens," will give the oyster shells and the rough knives. The following page will be given up to the "Flint Workings" with the chalk lamps and the miners' picks.

Yet another page headed "The Stone Age" may be given up to sketches of the beautiful arrow-heads from Ireland, the pierced axe-hammers from Denmark, the grinding stones, the lance-heads and the flint arrow-heads set in metal for charms with which we began and in which we fancied we saw some faint origins of our fairy tales of to-day.

If it is not possible to sketch all these from the cases, they will be found in the *Guide to the Stone Age*.

When standing before the large case containing the relics from the Swiss lake-dwellings, we feel that we are at last leaving the dark twilight in which we have been groping for the truth about very early times and that we are gradually nearing the light of the dawn of history. Roman writers have mentioned these dwellings, and it is thought that a probable date for the earliest of them, at any rate, may be about the twenty-first century B.C. You might write "Swiss Lake-dwellings" in this page of your notebook, and will find plenty of work for your pencil.

Travellers tell us that in some parts of Central Africa and in New Guinea, there are still people who make their homes in lake-dwellings to get out of the way of slave hunters and other enemies. And so, with these old inhabitants of the "Playground of Europe," it is likely that they chose these water-surrounded homes to escape wild animals or wilder men. This was the way in which they set to work. A sunny shallow part of the lake was chosen with a sandy shore; piles were driven in, sometimes stones were piled up between them to give strength and firmness. The piles having been made level at the top, a platform of wood was fixed on them, and on

that again square wooden huts lined with clay were raised. And now comes an important fact, each hut had its own hearth and corn crusher, a warm spot for the children of each family to gather round and for the house-mother to make and bake the bread to feed them.

Examine closely the contents of this case ; they lived well, these old lake-dwellers. Was it a hot, thirsty day ? Here are the seeds of the raspberries, and the apples dried and cored, grown in their gardens on shore, and here are the remains of baskets in which they could be brought, either by the movable drawbridge or in the boats which must have been in constant use ; or a drink of milk could be had in one of those well-made cups ; one can fancy one sees the cattle on the shore in the lovely evening light lowing to be let across the drawbridge to safe quarters for the night—cows always seem in a hurry to go to bed. One can fancy too the pleasure the children must have had, swarming in and out of the water, fishing—those are the nets and the hooks ; going errands in the boats—here is a model of one made out of a tree trunk. A Roman writer speaks of the mothers tying strings round the babies' feet for safety ; it must have been necessary !

These well-made pins, rings, necklaces, bracelets (some so small that they must have belonged to children), show that they were skilful with their fingers as well as mindful of their appearance. Their pottery and weapons are carefully made and ornamented, and the latter show that they had passed beyond the stage when only stone implements were used, and that they or their neighbours knew how to get metals out of the earth, chiefly copper and tin, and how to mix them together and make bronze.

You want to know perhaps why nearly all the objects are black ?

Fire was generally the end of these wooden villages ; the various objects in burning became encrusted with charcoal, which preserved them (look at that delicate ear of barley) when they fell into the mud below—another example of the " sealing-up " of kind Mother Earth, for later days.

And now for the bronze objects ranged round the walls of the room and in the various table-cases. Suppose we begin with the one headed " Bronze Age Hoards." All over Europe are found hoards or factories, where these Tubal Cains worked for all who came to buy. Here are the lumps of copper and tin for melting ; here is

the cake of bronze ; here are the old worn-out weapons to be remelted, and here are the moulds into which the hot metal was poured—moulds of swords, daggers, celts. And there in the wall-cases are rows and rows of the finished weapons in endless variety, as well as beautiful shields from Ireland, with horns and bells and trappings of all kinds.

It is impossible to say exactly when men began to use bronze, different times in different places, and it must have taken years to bring things to such perfection as some of those before us. So perhaps instead of entering "The Bronze Age" in any century, it will be best to head a page with these words, next to that containing specimens of stone implements, and fill it with sketches of those you think the most remarkable.

The first faint streaks of dawn that we seemed to see while looking at the Swiss lake-dwellings grow lighter and brighter as we turn to the British barrows ; the cases along the north wall, as well as some of the table-cases, are filled with relics from them. Most likely we have all seen barrows, long or round, in the New Forest, Yorkshire or elsewhere. They are the grave-mounds of the ancestors of those brave patriots who later on defended their country—which is now ours—against the Romans. In many cases a grave-mound has been untouched from the day the mourners held the funeral feast and sealed it up with loads of stones and earth, and some of them at any rate may serve to illustrate the first chapter of British history, of which we know so little from written accounts. One very large barrow contains only the remains of a little child, in another there is buried only one woman ; generally they are family or tribal burying places, containing the skeletons of men, women and children of all ages. In some cases they repose on their sides, as if laid to sleep, and the bracelets are found on the arm-bones, the necklaces by the skull, the buttons where the garment was fastened. More than this, within reach of the warrior's hand lie his stone and bronze tools and arms, his whetstones to sharpen with, his strike-a-lights to kindle his fire ; near the woman are her needles and spindle whorls ; even the children were not buried without their possessions, toy implements or a polished stone or a shell, no doubt treasures of the little ones, which they might miss in the unknown land to which they had gone. In many burials the bodies have been burnt and the ashes put into those large earthenware urns ; and the various

smaller pots you see arranged in such numbers, tall ones called drinking cups, the "incense cups" and food vessels, were all found grouped about skeletons or ashes.

An old traveller came to Britain about the fourth century B.C. (you might enter his name, Pytheas, in your book), and wrote an account of his travels, which has been used by later chroniclers, and we get from him glimpses of the life of the Ancient Britons of his day. Pytheas was interested in the fine wheat crops of Kent and the large barns, and saw the family dwelling-places, and tasted the mead made of wheat and honey. He may have seen the lake- or marsh-dwellings, somewhat like the Swiss ones, and watched men adorning the pottery with lines and dots, such as you see in the wall-cases, and admired the women wearing beautiful amber or jet necklaces like these in the table-cases. A writer quoting Pytheas speaks of "a magnificent sacred enclosure and a remarkable temple of circular shape"; it is thought that this may refer to Stonehenge, the model of which stands beside the case containing the block of "breccia." As you will see on the model, it is now thought that this wonderful group of huge stones was a temple for the worship of the sun, and dates from the seventeenth century B.C., but it will be safer to write this in your book with pencil. Certainly these barrow relics give life and colour to the times associated with Druids and mistletoe, woad painting and wicker boats—you will find a model of one of these in the end of a table-case.

The Late Celtic antiquities, which are to be found in the *Iron Age Gallery* through the *Roman-Britain Room*, are the work of British artists who had discovered how to obtain and work iron; see their fine iron swords with the bronze scabbards. They also made these beautiful enamelled brooches (notice how like our modern safety pins) and ornaments, not unlike the Japanese *cloisonné* we admire so much now. Notice too the finely-shaped and adorned urns, the helmets, spears and lances. The patterns and style of work often show traces of foreign education or the power to copy.

The case of British coins, bearing the names of kings and fine designs, such as the ear of corn and galloping horses, also illustrates this period and will give interesting sketches for the notebook in the centuries just before the birth of Christ and in the time between the Roman invasions. The ring and bar money that we have already seen in the cases was evidently no longer entirely used.

The connection between the Britons and their near neighbours the Gauls on the other side of the Channel is well shown by the Morel collection on the left side of the room. Killing and fighting there must have been from the "Very Beginnings," but here amongst the possessions of the old Gauls and Britons these cases seem to bring to us the very clash and din of battle; the warriors in these helmets and shields, driving all before them, as they settled in the lands they conquered and plundered, using these deadly swords and daggers; fighting amongst themselves, as well as with enemies—till the great Cæsar himself passed victoriously by that way. You can find the account of it all in his *Gallic Wars*.

Look at those chariot tyres; they come with a large number of beautiful weapons and ornaments from a great Gaulish warrior's grave in the fifth century B.C. He was found lying in the open chariot that had borne him through the fight, the fine trappings and bits of his horses before him. Can you not almost hear the sound of similar British chariot wheels of three or four hundred years later, their axles ending in terrible scythes, as they scrunched down the beach, pell-mell, to prevent their foes landing that August morning about two thousand years ago? Cæsar's keen eye had seen the white cliffs in the sunshine, as we now see those of France from Ramsgate and Dover. Above the cases near the door to the *Early Christian Room* may be seen two stumps of stakes taken from the bed of the Thames near Brentford, where he is supposed to have crossed the river in 54 B.C. But then as now, Britons never knew when they were beaten, and after much tough fighting the country was left to itself for another hundred years. Cæsar's calm, determined face, bearing the marks of self-control, as you see it in his bust in the *Roman Gallery* just inside the entrance door, helps us to understand the wonderful grip he had over the minds of men and the great things he was able to accomplish.

Linger if you will, before Claudius, Hadrian, Septimus Severus, these fine old portraits that one feels are life-like, they will help you to realize the times we shall study next—the Romans in Britain.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION

*Guide to the Antiquities of the Stone Age*, British Museum, 1/-.

*Guide to the Antiquities of the Bronze Age*, British Museum, 1/-.

*Guide to the Antiquities of the Early Iron Age*, British Museum, 1/-.

*Harmsworth's History of the World*, Parts I and IV (out of print).

*The Bible Student in the British Museum*, by Kitchin.

*Days before History*, by H. R. Hall.

*The Cave Boy*, by M. A. M'Intyre.

*The Threshold of History*, by H. R. Hall.

*The Dawn of History*, by A. Corkran.

The four last published by Geo. G. Harrap & Co., 2 & 3, Portsmouth Street, Kingsway, W.C.

## CHAPTER II

### BRITAIN—A ROMAN PROVINCE

You have seen a great searchlight flashing from tower or ship suddenly make a dim and distant view as clear as day?

We have in the *Prehistoric Room* been peering back into the dim and distant view of the past. We have had glimpses of shadowy British forms in tartan cloaks, maybe, fastened by the ornaments and brooches in the cases; we have admired their necklaces of gold, amber and jet; we have pored over the treasures handled by them in life, buried with them in their barrow-graves; we have imagined their warfare and manner of life from the weapons and relics that belonged to them. Perhaps we have even heard fragments of the wild stories they learned by heart and chanted round the firesides of the village, thus handing them down to a far-off generation in the sister island to commit to writing; we have also caught faint echoes of travellers' tales from traders and others who came to explore.

But, so dark and still is the distance, in all this we have seen no faces, heard no names—that we are sure about—received no actual message across the years; we have only known that the moving crowds were then in the shadows, and that they, like the treasures they left with Mother Earth and the words that we have from their lips in the names of river and hill, belong to the soil. Suddenly comes the light, for what a change there is in our point of view when the Romans came upon the scene and gain a footing in the land! We immediately make acquaintance with distinct persons, whose faces and names become as familiar to us as those of our near neighbours; they speak to us too, straight from tablets and monuments, even from books, in a language taught in our schools, and whose words in great number are crystallized, as it were, in our daily speech.

So long as our island remained a province of the great empire—nearly four hundred years—the searchlight thrown by Roman pre-

sence and influence shone steadily upon it, making its story stand out clear and distinct.

Recall any pictures you may have seen of Rome, its ruins and beautiful hills, or possibly a panorama in which the great buildings, temples, baths, palaces, theatres, reconstructed, stand out in dazzling array. In the *Hall of Inscriptions* there is a model of the great theatre or Colosseum. Try to build it up again in your mind. Far, far larger than the Albert Hall, there was room to seat many thousands, tier above tier, eagerly watching the games below. Think of the sunshine, shaded by the great awnings above, the garlands of flowers, the bright clothes of the audience, their wreaths, the splendour of the imperial party in their special "box," the impassive guards in their armour. The noise and excitement must have been tremendous indeed, when the enthusiasm of such a multitude broke beyond bounds at the sight of the skill and danger below them. "Doors closed"; well, what matter! think what there was to see outside, when those marbles were fresh and perfect, the statues and columns in place, and all was alive with colour and light and human beings.

Now, you ask, "But where do the multitudes come from?" As you draw your map of the Roman Empire to fasten in your Museum notebook, you will fill in, not only all the countries round the Mediterranean Sea, but crossing the Alps, add Gaul, now the "pleasant land of France," and part of Germany, including beautiful Rhineland. "Beyond Germany," says the old writer Tacitus, "lies a sea, the girdle and limit of the world, so near to the spot where Phœbus rises, that the sound he makes in emerging from the waters can be heard and the forms of his steeds are visible!" Still one more province to put in, Britannia, our own foggy island. These countries were all conquered more or less completely, were kept in order by large armies, were colonized by Rome, were ruled by Roman law and were taught Roman ways.

Now do you see where the crowds in Rome came from? Besides those who lived in the beautiful city and its surroundings, men were brought to the great capital by business, pleasure or sad necessity, from north, south, east and west. You know one man at any rate who made a far journey to see Rome—St. Paul in the time of Nero. You will remember too the story of the British prince, Caractacus, brought to Rome with his family after a long and brave



defence of his country. No wonder as he looked round on the glories of Rome, that he bitterly wondered why his conquerors were not contented with all they already had, without taking his poor home so far away.

And now, notebook in hand, let us go again to the far end of the *Roman Gallery* and look on the faces of our acquaintances. *Julius Cæsar*—his birthday in the seventh month gives July its name—who paid two short visits to the hitherto almost unknown island that lay in the mist, and who managed to find time to write books about his travels and wars in the midst of a most busy life. Little he thought of the generations of schoolboys, who at the beginning of their race along the “*Via Latina*,” would pass many hours with “their Cæsar”! You will find another portrait of him amongst the Roman Cameos in the *Gem Room*. His name comes about the middle of the first century B.C., and next to it that of *Augustus*, remembering as you study his face and write his name a few lines below Julius Cæsar’s, his decree that all the (Roman) world should be taxed, and the birth in Bethlehem, which took place while the taxing-census was being carried out in Judæa.

The name of *Tiberius* will come next, a few lines from the top of the page of the first century A.D., the Cæsar referred to when the Jews asked our Lord, “Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?” and when they shouted later, “We have no king but Cæsar.”

*Claudius* is interesting to us, because about a hundred years after Julius Cæsar had shown the way, the conquest of Britain began in real earnest, and Claudius came himself for about a fortnight to encourage the soldiers in their great and hard work.

Below his name comes the hated one of *Nero*. Nero, who “fiddled while Rome was burning,” who persecuted the early Christians, and in whose reign occurred the terrible revolt of the Britons under Boadicea, maddened by her wrongs. Will you write her name by Nero’s? Perhaps you have seen the group on Westminster Bridge? The queen standing in her war chariot, her long hair and mantle streaming behind her, as she urges her soldiers on to battle and revenge. It was *Titus* who finished the terrible siege of Jerusalem, and who was a steady friend to the great commander Agricola, son-in-law to Tacitus, the old historian who gives such a vivid picture of “when Phœbus ’gins to rise.” It is from him we have the account of Agricola’s voyage round the island, of his wars

and campaigns, and forts, and of his fine work in road-making, forest clearing and draining. You will write these three names towards the end of the first century A.D.

And now, turn over the leaf and near the beginning of the second century, write *Hadrian*, the great traveller; you will find bronze medallions in the *Coin Room*,\* commemorating his journeys to Britain, Sicily, Syria; not for the purpose of adding to the empire, but to see that all were well governed and protected from fierce neighbours. In Britain his name is connected with a great wall to safeguard the north. He was a wise and prudent man, and encouraged scholars and artists.

A little past the middle of the second century write the name of *Marcus Aurelius*, the lover of wisdom and writer of books that are prized even now. In one of them he says, after acknowledging what he had learned from his mother, that from his tutor he learnt "endurance of labour, to want little, to work with his own hands, not to meddle with other people's affairs and not to be ready to listen to slander." Surely we hear the echo of these words in our "duty towards our neighbour"? It was in this reign that the barbarians along the frontier gave serious trouble, and Marcus Aurelius died fighting against the Germans.

At the end of this century write *Severus*, who died at York, after a harassing campaign in the north. It was he who made the *Prætorian Guards* so strong, that practically the soldiers became the governors of the empire. The Romans left many coins in their British province, and you will enjoy recognizing in the *Coin Room*\* the Emperors you know by sight.

And now, after pausing to admire the fine statue of Hadrian in full armour, by the entrance to the *Reading Room*, and the two statues to "unknown" ones, civil and military costumes both finely shown, also the anxious-looking poet in the corner, we turn to mount the stairs again to study the contents of the cases in the room called *Roman-Britain*.

First shall we consider the soldiers? for it was they who first conquered the country and then "settled" it. What a scene the arrival of the legions must have been as the many-oared galleys swept in to the shore, discharging company after company, the general, the centurions, the standard-bearer, the legionaries; little

\* The *Coin Room* is not at present open to the public.

by little they gain ground as more press on behind. Fine organization and discipline, with oneness of purpose, tell against the mere bravery of the Britons, often bitterly quarrelling amongst themselves. Here before us lie their fine helmets, swords, daggers, shields; on the boss of one of these is the very name of the soldier who owned it, Junius of the Eighth Legion; here too is a small section of the scale armour worn by soldiers, and we can glean other details of their appearance from the "imperial personage in armour" close by, as well as from the statue of Hadrian by the *Reading Room*. Do not these helmets, breastplates, shields, sandals, bring to your mind St. Paul's description of the Christian armour? He must have often watched his guards when he was in prison, putting theirs on and off.

You see those deeply interesting bronze tablets, at least pieces of them? They are the military diplomas, lists of veterans, who, having completed their twenty-five years of service, had earned an honourable discharge from the army, the rank of citizenship (how proud St. Paul was of his citizenship and how useful it was to him), and freedom to marry. The translation of these diplomas is on a stand close by.

Some tablets mentioning British soldiers have been found in distant countries, as well as in Rome itself, for the great army ever needed recruits, and the strongest of the youth of a conquered province had to go. What a change for a Briton to be taken from his home, where he had hunted, fished, ploughed and reaped a little, fought (perhaps a good deal) with neighbouring tribes; to have to leave all this and become one of a great army, to be disciplined, trained to obedience, marched for days and weeks, perhaps across the Alps or Danube, or farther still.

But the soldier had other work besides fighting. Look at the map of Roman Britain on the stand opposite. As the legions made their way across the length and breadth of the country, they needed forts and camps, *castra*, for shelter; these they built so strongly that we can see many of the foundations to this day, and at any rate the remembrance of them survives in the names of Chester, Lancaster, Gloucester, Colchester and many more. Make a list of all you can find, and when you visit any of these places, if there is a Museum, lose no time in searching out what remains may be stored there of the times of the Romans. You will find for instance a baby's feeding bottle buried with toys, beside the small owner, at

Colchester ; a tiny bear, spread eagle, quaint rocking horse four inches long, at Silchester, and endless treasures at York, Lincoln, Canterbury and Dorchester.

But these "castra" had to be connected by good roads, and so well did the Romans do this part of their work, helped by the Britons, who complained that their bodies and hands were worn out with the labour, that their highways are the best we have to-day ; where necessary, forests were cleared, marshes drained, bridges built. Trace on the map of Roman Britain that you are making for your notebook, the chief Roman roads. There is Watling Street (perhaps you know the part of it in London near St. Paul's?) connecting Chester and Wales with far-off Dover ; Ermin Street from London to Lincoln and York ; the Fosse way from Devonshire to Lincoln. The milestone (*mille passus*, a thousand steps) by the door into the *Prehistoric Saloon*, bearing the name of Hadrian, comes from the west, and reminds us of the measurement and careful tending of the roads. In fancy resting beside one of these great milestones in the days when they were set up, what should we see? Not only troops of soldiers marching by, but as the country became more settled, and cities were built and farms prospered, we should see trains of pack horses or asses laden with food and merchandise. Perhaps the traders might carry some of those steelyards and weights (to be seen in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life*), to measure and weigh the goods they sold on their way ; they are just the same shape as those used in the carts selling fruit and vegetables in Yorkshire now. If we are watching on a road that leads from a mining district we should see heavy burdens of metal borne along : "pigs" of lead, stamped with the emperor's name, cakes of copper, tin, all highly prized, as well as the smaller ingots of silver.

Look once more on the map to find a further work of the soldiers: the walls. You have only to read the names, Picti, Caledonii, to the north of the narrow "waist" of Scotland to see why walls were needed. Perhaps you have seen a picture of the ruins of the most important wall, the one built by Hadrian and repaired by Severus. No doubt you have often noticed on coal trucks and coal price lists the words "Wallsend coal," but perhaps have not connected them with the Newcastle end of the great defence. Fierce must have been the scenes of warfare on the line of the wall—stone rampart, ditch and roadway—crossing the country to the Solway.

At intervals there were turrets and forts, and many are the memorials of the soldiers who lived and died there ; their tablets, records of their work, as well as the altars dedicated to the gods they served. In one of the cases is a beautiful gold necklace found on the line of the wall with coins of Aurelius.

The next vision that the cases bring us is a peaceful one of potters and glass blowers ; the Britons were ever quick to learn, and some at any rate of these beautiful red pots and jugs and vases, and those fine glass jars and vessels, must have been made in the country where they have been found. Look at them well in the cases all round ; there are also bronze ornaments of every kind, and all sorts of personal possessions, helping us to realize the growth of cities and colonies, and the families who peopled them. It has been said, that when a Roman came to a new country he brought Rome with him, and so we find all over the country traces of fine houses, baths, theatres, such as he had had at home, and particularly of his " villa," his beautiful country house.

Very likely you have been to the Isle of Wight and have seen the foundations of the Brading Villa, and there are many more all over the country ; passing through these ruins one is filled with wonder and admiration ; here are rooms for every use, furnaces to heat the baths and the villa generally, as well as traces of gardens, colonnades, statues, beautiful tessellated pavements, of which there are fine specimens in our Roman portrait gallery, and if we want to see the sort of wall painting that gladdened the eyes of those who dwelt in them long ago—such bright, clean colours—we can find in the *Gem Room* those from the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, flowers, birds, all sorts of graceful pictures, some as fresh as if done to-day. Why ? Another case of Mother Earth's " sealing up," but this time it is with ashes and lava amidst terror and desolation. In a case in the *Roman-Britain Room* there is glass from one of the windows of Brading Villa.

One loves to people again one of those old villas ; listening to the rustle of the mother's graceful flowing robes, as she moves forward over the pictured pavement—her name perhaps Cecilia, Drusilla, Cornelia ?—to greet her returning husband home from the camp or the city. There in a table-case in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life* are the shoes they might have worn, and besides the parents' slower, heavier steps, we hear the dancing patter of the

children, there is no click of heels, but a full, soft, firm tread ; those tiny shoes must have belonged to a very young traveller on Life's road. Perhaps the morning had been wet and they had watched the raindrops chasing each other down the window pane, longing to go out in the sweet garden to run races, play hide and seek or with their balls. But they have had to be content indoors ; the boy, you see him in his white garment, with the golden bulla round his neck ?—there are some of these in the *Gem Room*—at work with his tutor, who taught him reading from books he unrolled ; writing by guiding his hand, as he used one of those pointed styli on wax spread on his wooden tablet. Did the stylus slip ? there is the broad eraser to smooth it out. The boy must write well, for he had to copy out his own school-books chiefly. For his arithmetic were counting boards ; think of this Roman boy when you try to read quickly dates such as MDLVIII, MDCXCIX. Would you like to work sums with his figures ?

The little girls that wet morning, perhaps, sat beside their mother and her hand-maidens : you see the spindles and whorls. The garments were often woven to fit, and you can study their graceful shapes in the *Terra-cotta Room* ; here are the needles and bodkins too. Perhaps they played beside her at her toilet ; examine the bronze mirrors, the combs, tweezers, little pots for ointment ; or they may have looked with admiring eyes at their mother's ornaments ; here we have an endless variety of brooches, bracelets, rings, and in the *Gem Room* many more still. In the *Roman-Britain Room* one of the bracelets to hold money looks more unsafe than a modern pocket ! There are the keys to lock all away safely, near the prescriptions of the oculists—one is for red eyelids—near the fish-hooks, the seal boxes, the spoons and many other lovely things.

And now the father is home, is he Celsus or Pudens or Marius ? The evening meal is finished and it will soon be dark, so let us look at the lamps. In the *Fourth Vase Room* is a whole case—full of terra-cotta ones—you can find the moulds in which they were made in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life*. You can see by the blackened rim of the holes where they were lighted. Notice the ornamentations, gods, gladiators, animals, and one with the fox and crow fable from *Æsop* (write his name about the middle of the sixth century B.C., in your notebook). Perhaps this has been a favourite story of yours, though you did not realize you shared it with people

who were young two thousand years ago, as you sat when quite small on your father's knee, listening for the exciting moment when the foolish crow, believing Brer Fox's flattery, opens her beak to sing and—who now has the cheese?

A splendid store of personal possessions, as well as of stones of ruined houses and other buildings, has been found about seventeen feet below the busy, crowded part of London, the city, and these you must go to see at the Guildhall. Look for the red pottery, which bears the illustration of another of old Æsop's fables, the wolf and the crane; another piece has a juggler with a skipping rope, and there are some lamp trimmers, some wonderful shoes and much more that will interest you. If you go by the Thames, try to realize the position of the old British settlement on the high ground above the marshes, near St. Paul's, followed by the Roman settlement between the Walbrook and the Fleet river—you can only find their names now. Then on any map of London you may have, trace in red ink the great wall built by the Romans not long before they had to leave. How are you to know where it is? Find the street now called London Wall, near Liverpool Street Station, and then trace it round by the names of the "Gates." Billings-gate, Ald-gate, Bishops-gate, Moor-gate, Cripple-gate, Alders-gate, New-gate, Lud-gate. Of the river wall and its water-gates we have no trace. A busy place it must have been with the ships of traders on the river, as well as the pleasure boats of the rich, and much traffic from the great roads that entered at its gates from all parts of the country. You can write in your notebook about the middle of the fourth century, London Wall and Bridge; this latter lasted a thousand years. Near the beginning of that century you can write the name of St. Alban, a British martyr for the new faith, and under that you can note that British Bishops attended a great meeting at Arles in Gaul. Perhaps you have seen photographs of the splendid Roman ruins there.

Also about the same time belongs the name of the first Christian emperor, Constantine. This gives food for thought as to the spread of Christianity through the Empire: the tree from the grain of mustard seed. You will notice as you pass through the Museum many of the altars dedicated to the old gods, the Tyrian Hercules, Egyptian Osiris, the German goddess mothers, as well as the Roman Mars and Sylvanus, for the legionaries as we saw, were recruited

from every country. We know too, that under some emperors the followers of Christ were bitterly persecuted, under others they were let alone. Little by little the faith spread, churches rose on the sites of the old temples, and a new purer way of life on the old habits and beliefs. What we see now in the dimness of the centuries, those early Christians saw in the full light of close and touching memories. This influenced them to do their daily work with industry and heroic cheerfulness and to worship the God they adored, fearlessly and "quieted by hope." One likes to think of their evening hymn, the hymn of the "lighting of the lamp," rising from British homes. But alas! it was not for long. Even before the Romans had to leave (you must write this early in the fifth century), fierce heathen pirates began to come over the sea, "by the way of the whales," and settled gradually, a shipload or two at a time, along the coast that was nearest their Anglo-land.

Then Rome was gradually losing her great power, enemies began to close in on every side, and more and more soldiers had to be called home from distant provinces to defend the heart of the empire, and so the legions left Britain, the wall, the camps, the castles and the cities. For many years the Britons, taught so much by the Romans, struggled and fought against wild foes from north and east. They sent piteous appeals to their old friends for help, groaning that they were lost between the sea and the barbarians, but no help could come; there was no help.

Think of the sadness of it all. Augusta, the proud name of Roman London, literally died of starvation. The supplies that used to come by the great roads were cut off by the raiders, there was no one to guard the walls, so the inhabitants crept sadly away with little of the worldly goods they possessed, to try to win some safe spot in the west.

The villas they passed were too often smoking ruins; no succour there, so on they must journey, by forests and byways, hiding in caves when they could, their only hope the mountains in the sunset. So were Christianity and civilization driven out, though as we shall see later, not entirely nor for always.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION.

- Guide to the Greek and Roman Antiquities*, British Museum, 2/6.  
*Count of the Saxon Shore*, by Dean Church.  
*The Church in Cecilia's House*, by Walter Pater, Langham & Co., 47, Great Russell Street, W.C.  
 London, by Walter Besant, School Edition.

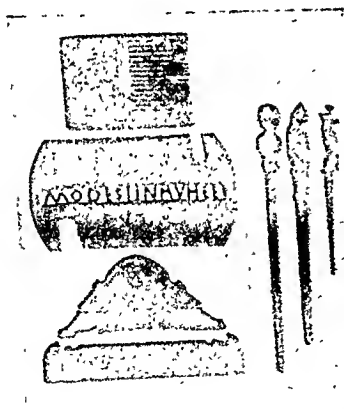




Hadrian in Armour—page 18.

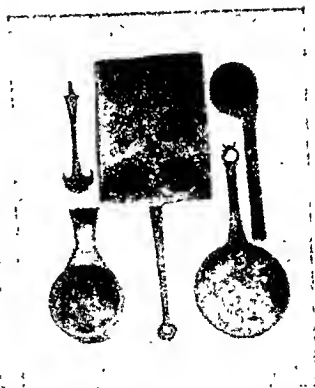


Julius Caesar—page 17.



Ivory Combs and Hairpins. Roman—page 22.

Photos by



Ancient Kitchen Utensils. Roman.

W. A. Mansell & Co.

## CHAPTER III

### HOW BRITAIN BECAME ENGLAND

LET us sit together on the thick old ruined walls of Richborough Castle, near Sandwich ; once a great fort of the Romans, it was left desolate, like the rest of the camps, cities and walls, when the last of the legions had crossed the Channel.

We look out now towards the shining blue sea in the distance, over green meadows fringed with willows and dykes, as we watch the seagulls circling round the peacefully grazing cattle. But when these grey ivy-covered walls were built, they could almost have seen their reflection in the water below, for the Stour, now choked and altered, in those days was deep and important, so that ships bound for the port of London, instead of weathering the rough Foreland, passed close under the castle, then on by the river's quiet course to Reculvers, and so to the Thames, "when Thanet was full iled."

It is strange to think that those fields have been formed since the walls were built ; little by little the mud and stones were washed up, till the coast line and the mouth of the river became quite changed. Then the birds helped a bit, dropping seeds where no foot had trod, and then man began to drain, plough, and plant, and so this little piece of dry land "appeared." You would like to hear what the diggers of a sluice, out there towards Sandwich, found some years ago. A few feet below the earth and mud they came upon a sandy beach, scattered with shells and seaweed, and amongst them on the yellow sands lay the bones of a little child, with a small Roman shoe and a fibula brooch, like those you saw in the cases. The old grey walls, new then and sheltering numbers of soldiers and many families, looked down on the little one—perhaps escaped alone to pick up shells—overcome by the mud-bearing waves ; they witnessed too the sorrow and despair of the fruitless search, and also fifteen centuries later, the finding of this little "Ginevra."

But the salt east wind in our faces reminds us that we have come to Richborough to see something besides the ruins and the fields

Picts and Scots ever bursting over the deserted wall to steal, burn and slay. These went home again with their plunder, but the other enemies came to stay, so determined to stay, that they did not even trouble to look after and keep the "cyulas" that brought them from over the sea.

Now shall we start the Anglo-Saxon map, to be fixed after the Roman one already in your notebook? It must be large enough to show the eastern and southern borders of the North Sea, for it was from these shores—"The cradle of the English race"—that our forefathers came.

Draw a line from the Forth, following, roughly speaking, the line of the Pennines, the eastern boundaries of Wales and Devonshire, to show how the country was divided between the English and the British, when the "Settlement" fighting stopped.

Next, it is easy, especially if you put in the rivers on the east coast, to fill in the names of the conquerors in the various parts of the land that they gained. The South Saxons in Sussex; the East Saxons in Essex; the West Saxons in Wessex, which lay between the Welsh boundary on the west, and Essex, Kent and Sussex on the east, having on the north, Mercia, which stretched away to the Humber. The North-folk and South-folk settled in East Anglia, and later on the beautiful northern land of hills, moors and rivers became Northumbria.

Now these settlers drove out the Britons, some across the sea, some to the west country, and many were killed or enslaved; the bright light thrown by Roman civilization vanished, as the newcomers established their own customs, laws and religion, in their lots, hams or homes, holdings, villages and townships. These old customs and laws have influenced English life and thought all through the centuries, and whenever we mention one of the days of the week, or even our Christian festival of Easter, we recall the gods of our heathen forefathers, such as Woden and Thor, terrible gods of war and thunder, or the gentler Eostre, goddess of spring.

Would you know more of these strong men of old, how passionately they loved the sea, how daring they were, how they gave presents and feasted, how noble warriors died and were buried, and much more besides, you must read the poems about Beowulf.

One of the greatest treasures in the *Manuscript Room*, through the *Grenville Library* on the right of the *Entrance Hall*, is "the unique

manuscript of the oldest poem in the English language," as the catalogue describes it. You will see too by the label, that the manuscript dates from about A.D. 1100, that is, about six centuries after the English tribes had crossed the North Sea to settle here: the stories in this book had been sung or told round the winter fire-side, handed down from father to son for many generations, before they were written and read. You will notice at once from the open page reproduced in the catalogue, how different the writing looks from the present-day English; still, most of the letters are the same, and the roots of our words are there, so that with an Anglo-Saxon dictionary and grammar the fine old stories can now be translated. There are stories of the little child who came over the sea alone in a boat and "became a good king"; and of the king long after him, who built a fine hall, in which he entertained his guests right royally. But there was a monster who came by night and devoured the guests, and both he and his dreadful mother were slain by the greatest of the guests, Beowulf himself. Then there is the account of Beowulf's long wise reign and his last fight with a fiery dragon.

Truth and fable, heathenism and Christianity, are mixed up in these wonderful old stories, and the scribes have made many mistakes, but the breath of the salt sea is there with the spirit of daring, courage and energy of the race, as well as its faults. We love the picture of the queen and her daughter graciously waiting on the guests, and to listen to the acclamations of the guests themselves, as they receive their presents, the weapons and rings and collars of gold. Beowulf's last directions in his "hearth-fellows" run thus:—

"I may here no longer be;  
Command the warlike brave  
A mound to make,  
Bright after the pile,  
At the sea's naze,  
Which shall for a remembrance  
To my people,  
Tower on high  
On Hrones-ness.  
That it seafarers  
Afterwards may call  
Beowulf's mound.  
Those who their foamy barks  
Over the mists of floods,  
Drive from afar."

in the same monastery (Jarrow in Northumbria), and while attentive to the rule of my order and the service of the Church, my constant pleasure lay in learning or teaching or writing."

Think of the long, busy, quiet life. His teaching must have been hard work, for his school was large, six hundred monks, besides the strangers that flocked to him, and he was always learning himself, too, Greek, Music, Arithmetic, Medicine, and much more besides, to make textbooks for his students. Then his writings: he collected facts from various districts, also letters and traditions of the old men, for his chief work, this *History*; there is an earlier copy than the one we are looking at, in the large upright case of Latin manuscripts. He wrote most of his many books in Latin (the strangers must have been glad of this), but also translated parts of the Scriptures into Anglo-Saxon. One of his pupils gives a touching description of the finishing of the last chapters of the translation of St. John's Gospel. The old man was determined to finish it before he died, and dictated the closing words to the weeping scribe, ever getting weaker and more breathless. But when the evening fell, the task was done, and the old scholar, teacher, writer, had gone home to say "Adsum" to the Master he served so well.

Beside the copy of Bede's *History of the Church* in the octagonal case is one of the copies of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, the other copy is next to the *Poem of Beowulf* in the case containing English manuscripts. Here lies before us the earliest history of this country in English; and the first part of it, from Cæsar to Alfred, is believed to have been drawn up by order of that great king himself. "Yes!" you exclaim, "I know him, he burnt the cakes, fought the Danes, measured time by a candle, learned to read in order to gain a beautiful book as a prize, built ships to meet the Danes on sea!" Indeed, it would take a whole book instead of a few lines, to say all we would like about Alfred, "the greatest of all kings," and "greater for what he was than for what he did." Think well over that as you enter his name, Alfred the Great, after the middle of the ninth century, and sketch near it a raven, the bird of ill-omen, that hovered over our Island for many years on the dread war flag of the fierce Danes.

From the same creeks and sandbanks across the North Sea, whence had come the Saxon "cyulas," poured once again, in the

ninth century, heathen chiefs and their followers, the wiccings or vikings, in long swift boats, with determined faces and long hair (you will see some of their swords and combs in the cases upstairs). They belonged to the same northern family as those who came before, pursued the same terrible method of fighting, burning and killing, as they settled year after year along the coast of East Anglia. Sometimes they were bought off only to return in stronger numbers, always hating and despising the gentleness and peace of the Faith of Christ, burning the monasteries and churches, and ruining the civilization that was then growing in the land.

By the time Alfred came to be King of Wessex, the Danish Vikings had spread over the country and won many fierce fights: it is good though to remember that the raven banner fell into the hands of the English after a victory in Devonshire. You will remember the gallant fight of the young king when all was terror and dismay; his reverses (the story of the cakes comes in here), his unquenchable spirit and his brilliant victory in Wiltshire, followed by the equally brilliant peace of Wedmore; brilliant, because in it shone the character of the king, who was content to give up personal ambition and the dream of a united England, to a wise and far-seeing love of his country. For now, having made the Danes accept Christianity, in name at any rate, and be content with a share of the land, he was free to set about reforms. Briefly, these were to restore the education so cruelly stopped by the Danes, to establish the laws and teach his people to govern themselves. He also gathered round him scholars, writers and artists, and here before us is, according to usual belief, his greatest work—the beginning of the earliest English History in English. His share was to compile the part up to his times from all the sources he could get at from old manuscripts and traditions; then to give a full account of his own times. After his death, scribes in monasteries carried on year by year the account of events as they happened. These annals stopped in the middle of the thirteenth century.

The passage shown in the open page—there is a translation fortunately—gives an account of the great victory over the Danes by Alfred and his brother, in Berkshire; do you know about the valley of the White Horse?

While we pore over the two copies of the Chronicle, and realize by turning over the century-pages of our notebook, the long,

long years they tell about, what scenes come before our eyes! Scenes in the early history of our country. You can fill in from your history book the names you know: Egbert, called the King of the English, in the first quarter of the ninth century; Ethelwulf, Ethelred, in the middle of that century; Alfred you already have; the great Dunstan and Edgar, in the middle of the tenth century.

Do you see the great point of the history being in English instead of the more commonly used Latin? No living language stands still. Compare our speech of to-day with the language of the translation of the Bible about three centuries back. Compare that again with the English of Chaucer three or four more centuries back. So, as the writing of the Chronicle continued from the ninth to the thirteenth centuries, we are given an opportunity of tracing through these years the development of our mother tongue.

Returning to the tall case in which are Latin manuscripts, we find not far from Bede's History, the Roman version of the Psalms with a translation written between the lines in Anglo-Saxon. This belongs to the eighth and ninth centuries and is the earliest known rendering of the Psalms in English.

Above this is a very early copy of the Gospels in Latin, from the monastery of St. Augustine in Canterbury, and close by lies the deeply interesting *Liber Vitæ* or lists of the benefactors of the Church of St. Cuthbert at Lindisfarne or Holy Island.

Cuthbert! Lindisfarne! How the words sweep one away north from the solid Museum and its glass cases, to the breezy little island across the sands from Northumbria. A goodly company of scholars and saints have crossed those sands with the deep pools, but their footsteps have left no mark, for Lindisfarne is a real island at high tide.

The grand abbey ruins stand out now against the blue sky, the light from the dancing, dazzling sea shines all round them and there are the billowing grass sand-hills and the little pools in the rocks, and the "Cuthbert beads," as the children call the little fossil shells they love to seek. The spirit of the great missionary still broods there, as well as the shadows of the earlier ones, St. Aidan and St. Chad.

This "Book of Life" contains too the names of those entitled to the prayers of the monks. Poor monks! It is sad to think of how

they were scattered, also their books and their treasures, when troubles came. Even the body of their sainted Cutlbert had to be carried across the sands to a place safe from the murdering and burning Danes.

But there are still many more manuscripts to examine in this case, the quiet work of the monasteries in those eighth and ninth centuries, when the English kingdoms were fighting and struggling for the overlordship, and the Danes were harrowing the country. Pass along looking at them; lessons, prayers, hymns, litanies, commentaries, Bede's *Book of Martyrs*. Perhaps the Book of the Gospels from St. Petroc's Priory in Cornwall to be found on the other side of the case is the most interesting. You see those small notes on the margin? And there are more on the blank pages at the end.

These are records of the setting free from time to time at the altar of St. Petroc's, of serfs, slaves. The ancestors who have given us the noble word *freedom*, and who have made us, their far-away children, care for all that the word means more than almost anything else in the world, these ancestors saw all round them the bitter sorrows of the unfree. There was the slave who belonged to the soil like the cattle; the prisoner of war, however noble; the man who could not pay his debts or his fines for wrong-doings; as well as those who, starving in time of war and famine, were driven to "bend their heads in the evil days for meat."

Men like these were freed at St. Petroc's altar by the generosity of some fellow man, each slave passing as the collar was struck off, the prayer said, the weapon of the free put into his hand, from the outer darkness of dependence and injustice to the joyous sunlight of the rights of citizenship and the blessings of hope. Could you make a little sketch of the freeing of a slave in the beginning of the tenth century? And also a map for the end of your notebook showing the position of the Danelagh after the peace of Wedmore; we shall find plenty to fill up this map and the Anglo-Saxon one too later on.

We will now leave the manuscripts for a while to seek, in the *Iron Age Gallery* above, the "very own" belongings of those far-away fathers of ours, whom we learn to know in the poems of Beowulf, in Bede's History, in Alfred's Chronicle.

As we mount the stairs and take a refreshing glance at the Celtic



and Roman treasures as we pass them, let us feel that we are now going to see family relics. You know how we all prize the brocaded gown, the old book or ornament, that has been handed down from the grandmother, the great-great-uncle or the grandfather four or five "greats" back; what an interest too is the family "tree." Now as you gaze round at the contents of the wall- and table-cases here, try to make yourselves realize that the blue eyes of your ancestors looked with admiration on the ornaments your eyes (are they blue, too?) are examining now, and that their strong hands grasped and used those weapons that we can handle to-day.

Think of it—these things were made, prized, used, by our forefathers in life, were laid beside them in most cases, in their grave-mounds on the breezy downs they loved so well, but not better than we do now.

On the right side of the Gallery, see the remains from some great warrior's mound at Taplow; there are the drinking horns, cups and glasses, which having neither foot nor stand must be drained before being set down. These carry us straight to the Palace of Heorot, where Beowulf and his "board-fellows" were so heartily welcomed by the king Hrothgar, "old and hairless," and where "the thane observed his duty, who, in his hand, bore the ornamental ale cup; he poured the bright, sweet liquor."

The bone draughtsmen suggest a quieter scene than this, when the "strong of soul tumultuously rejoiced," and the gold thread and garnets close by are from a rich embroidery, which bring up visions of those who made the fine work, and those who used or wore it. These must have been "the gold adorned ones," "the dispensers of rings," "the bracelet-distributors"; and here, to hand, are beautiful buckles and clasps, ear and finger rings, brooches following in shape the Roman ones, and made of gold, silver, bronze, inlaid with gems and enamel. See too the fine necklaces of amber, gold and amethyst.

Those Roman coins, pierced to hang as pendants, that Roman-British vase, both found in Anglo-Saxon graves, might tell us thrilling stories of how they changed hands. The toilet articles, spindle whorls, needles, bodkins, beautiful glass in blue, yellow and green, the piece of woollen stuff and many other home treasures help us to realize that in spite of much fierce fighting and hard work in settling the New Country, these English women of old had some

quiet time in which to care for their appearance, their dwellings and families. The mothers of fearless, free warriors who held that to be slack or sluggish was the greatest shame, must have been "strong of soul" too, and throughout the old poems and annals we get glimpses of fine women. Such were Ealhild, "noble queen of chieftains," who gained the beautiful title of "faithful peace-weaver"; also Wealhtheow, "of mind exalted, who walked under a golden diadem," and gave noble counsels to her husband, Hrothgar, and his guests. Then there was the Lady of Mercia, worthy daughter of her great father Alfred, and many more. Mothers they were who mourned with dignity when their beloved ones fell, but who would not keep them back from the fight; when the stalwart lad came to take his place beside his father and kinsmen, it was his mother that girded on his sword, bidding him use it well, and remember that "Death is better for every man than a life of reproach."

Here are the weapons, such as are constantly mentioned in Beowulf, swords, spears, knives; some very rusty and decayed—remember they are more than a thousand years old—but in these early Anglo-Saxon days were new and bright, cared for with loving pride, till lost or broken in battle, or till laid, in sorrow, beside the "Happy Warrior."

Some of the swords are particularly interesting, because they are inscribed with the oldest Anglo-Saxon writing (used before intercourse with Rome brought Roman letters) called "Runes"; one sword bears the Runic alphabet, which does not begin, A, B, C, but F, U, TH, O, R, C. The names of the maker and owner in Runic letters are on one of the knives. There is a key to the Runic alphabet in a case at the end of the Gallery.

You will also find more Runes round the wonderful carved box called the Franks Casket, which stands on a pedestal. These Runes explain the curious carvings on the sides and top of the box, such as, those of the famous smith, Weland, who made Beowulf's war net, "the best of battle shrouds"; Romulus and Remus with their shaggy foster-mother; also Scripture subjects such as the worship of the Wise Men of the East. The Runes tell too how the material for the box was obtained—

"The whale's bones from the fishes' flood,  
I lifted on Fergen Hill.  
He was gashed to death in his gambols,  
As aground he swam in the shallows"

A sketch of this casket would look well at the beginning of the eighth century, and the Runic letters would make fine borders for the early Saxon century pages, as well as the beautiful interlaced patterns you will find on so many things in this room. Especially are these to be found on the stone crosses, which were set up by the zealous missionaries who preached to the bold worshippers of Woden and Thor of a gospel of gentleness and love. You will notice specimens of these crosses in and above the cases. They bear sculptured reliefs and songs from Scripture stories, and have lasted through the years, as those who fashioned them with hammer and knife in the hard stone intended that they should, as a perpetual reminder to the generations to come. Do you see that we have our place in those generations?

There is a beautiful cross in Northumbria, at Ruthwell; it would give a fine illustration for your book at the end of the seventh century, if you can find a postcard of it. Besides many carvings of saints, described in Roman letters, and a most interesting border of birds and animals, it has cut on it in Runes a poem about the Holy Rood by Caedmon. Bede tells us about Caedmon in his History; how, like David of old, when alone in the fields or with the animals he tended, the power came to him to make verses about the ways of God to men. Bede tells us of the help Caedmon had, being a poor unlearned peasant, from the fine, strong, north-country woman, the Abbess Hilda, who by the force of her character was able to rule her large household of monks and nuns, and to guide scholars and priests, as well as counsel bishops and kings.

She heard of Caedmon's gift; the burst of Christian song, so like that of the blind poet of later days, was so grand that it seemed Divine to those who heard it. Listen to the translation of a few lines:—

"Now we shall praise  
The guardian of heaven,  
The might of the Creator,  
And His counsel,  
The glory-father of men!"

So Hilda sent for Caedmon, bade him leave his fields and herds and come to study and write in the peace of her house on the cliff above Whitby. Enter the names of Hilda and Caedmon about the middle of the seventh century.

We will next look carefully at a few more relics of these early

—as the English and Americans claim cousinship now—of those who stayed behind in the old mother countries, in Germany and Scandinavia; they are of great interest to us. How like to those we have been studying are the weapons and personal adornments from the Teutonic graves and from the shores of the Baltic. There are some iron rivets and a fragment of a boat—for a whole one we must go to the museum at Christiania, a chief was buried in his boat, as the Gaulish warrior was buried in his chariot—besides combs and beads and the accoutrements of a Frankish soldier from Rhineland, as well as the splendid case of Merovingian possessions which make us think of the share taken by later Frankish kings, such as Pepin and Charlemagne, in the quarrels and struggles of the English kings for the overlordship.

You must write the names of Pepin and Charlemagne in the latter half of the eighth century, and two centuries before that, the name of Chilpéric, the Frankish king. What stories of wild life and passions these swords, glasses and fine ornaments could tell us! As we listen to the historian we see vivid pictures of the times and shudderingly hold our breath as Fredegonda (Chilpéric's wife) works her wicked will; and we stand sadly at the deathbed of the good old bishop. As for poor Galeswintha, who had to marry Chilpéric, the tears come to our eyes as we witness the bitter parting from her mother; yet one more day, and one more, must they journey together, till the impatient lords, sent to fetch the unwilling bride, insist on the queen-mother's return, and Galeswintha goes on with them alone to meet her sad fate.

On looking round once more on the Saxon cases—have you sketched that Frankish jug in the corner, and the silver spoon and fork, the writing tablet, the engraver's trial on a piece of bone, in the table-case near the casket?—the names on the various labels bring home to us the number of different places, some widely apart, whence the objects come.

As you rush through England in the train for your summer holiday, you can scarcely avoid passing through some neighbourhood where Anglo-Saxon relics have been already found. In Lincolnshire for instance, the Sleaford line cuts right through one of the largest cemeteries; the breezy downs in the Isle of Wight give a rich supply; there is scarcely an acre in Kent where some memento has not been found, and even from Cornwall, Durham, Dumfriesshire come speci-

mens. Perhaps you would like to mark with red dots, on your Anglo-Saxon maps, the chief places represented by treasure found in this small room ; and fill in as many as you have room for, the names that were given by the Saxons, e.g., Sudbury, Edinburgh, Chepstowe, Church Stretton, Hythe, Lyndhurst, Mersey, Tamworth. A good Etymological Dictionary will give you the meaning of these names as well as the Danish ones you need for your Danish map. In this map you will find Lincolnshire a sort of headquarters for names ending in "by," Danish for town, and "thorp," a village. You will be interested in tracing the fierce northern folk across the country as it were, like rivers, by the names of their settlements. Look out for "caster" instead of "chester," "kirk" instead of "church," as well as "garth," "fell" and "toft." While you make and study your maps, picture to yourself our country as it was—over a thousand years ago—when the Saxon and Dane set up their "stead" and "ton," their "by" and "toft" along the seashore, and settled by degrees among the quiet hills and dales, moors and fens.

How different from the England you now see, as the iron-horse eating coal, breathing fire and smoke, whirls you from London to Scotland in a few hours! Large and small towns, villages, tall smoking chimneys, seem to fly by, with short pauses of cultivated fields, and you see very few commons or large woods and marshes. And everywhere, except in the real country, are crowds of people, and in all directions, through tunnels in the hills, over rivers by bridges, race more iron steeds (like yours) drawing after them tons and tons of coal, bricks, stones, food, clothing (in every stage) and everything else wanted for the use of the daring people who came by way of the "fishes' flood." As you "think" over your map and over what you have seen in your journeys, it will strike you that a great deal of hard work—clearing forests, draining fens, ploughing up commons, as well as building towns and starting manufactories, railways, telegraphs, telephones, gas and electric lighting—all this and much more has been done by English hands and heads, in the generations that connect the fifth century with the twentieth.

But there are still a few treasures to see belonging to Saxon times, some very handsome Merovingian and Saxon gold rings ; especially interesting is the one which belonged to Alfred's sister, Ethelswith ; and you will find one that belonged to Alfred's father, Ethelwulf. Close by are two rings, one agate, one gold, found in different parts

of the country, but both bear the same Runic inscription, a sort of charm against leprosy and fever. Just below is a copy of the Alfred jewel, which was found three miles from the retreat in Athelney, with the inscription, "Alfred bade me be wrought." Besides these, you may see twisted gold Viking torcs and armlets, also Celtic gold collars and adornments for man and his "first" friend, the horse.

As we turn away from these cases, the words towards the end of Beowulf come to us:—

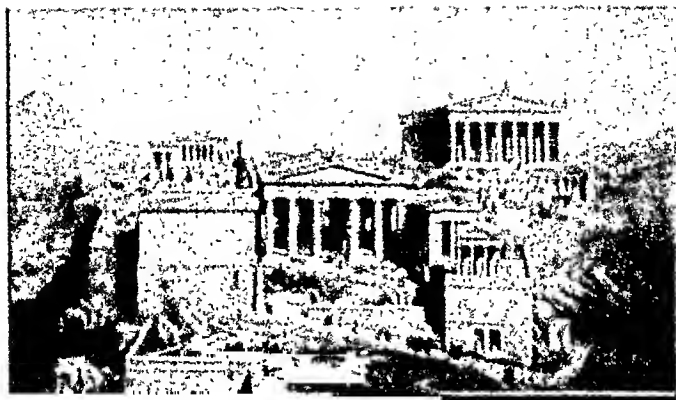
"In the mound they placed rings and jewels,  
Also ornaments;  
They left the treasure of Earls  
To the earth to hold,  
Gold in the dust."

And now we will go down the stairs again and turn into the *Grenville Library*; in the first case to our left, we shall find the earliest English illuminated manuscripts. Notice the good drawing of the Figure on the Cross, the fine initial B; the beautiful initials and borders in the copy of the gospels, with the inserted copy of a charter of King Cnut.

The outline drawings in the Register of New Minster (where Alfred was buried) show Cnut and his queen placing a great gold cross on the altar. You will remember the story of Cnut and his flattering courtiers, on the seashore; and the vow which this Danish king of England made and kept, to lead a right life and to rule justly. Enter his name near the beginning of the eleventh century.

Then there is the richly ornamental charter of King Edgar; write his name about the middle of the tenth century, recalling as you do so the story of the British princes of the west, rowing him on the river Dee. That half-century between Edgar and Cnut saw a bitter struggle and much suffering. Ethelred—the "Unready," because he would take no man's "rede" or counsel—bought off the Danes, who came again and again, plundering, burning, killing. Then the English massacred the Danes, when they got a chance, and brought down vengeance from their King Swegen, who ravaged and fought and conquered. Ethelred and his wife, sister of the reigning Duke of Normandy, fled across the Channel to him for protection, and so England passed to Danish kings for a time.

There is a charter of Cnut (Swegen's son) near the case of English manuscripts in the *Manuscript Room*, and also one of Offa, end of the eighth century, confirming a grant of land to his thane and a



Restored view of the Acropolis, Athens—page 44.



Pericles. Found near Tivoli, 1701  
—page 44.



Athene Parthenos. From Cast; original  
Statuette in Athens—page 45.

sister. Look too at the charter of Edward the Confessor close by. As you write his name towards the middle of the eleventh century, a vision will rise up of the gentle, white-haired man with ruddy cheeks, the last king of the old English royal race. We all know his tomb in Westminster Abbey, not the Abbey that he spent his strength and substance in building, that one passed away as the present one rose slowly in its place, to which his body was removed, and where he now lies surrounded by the kings and queens of later time.

Every reigning sovereign from his day to ours (one can scarcely count the poor little Edward V of the Tower) has been crowned a few feet from the shrine that contains the dust of one of the most revered and beloved of our kings.

He died in January. On Christmas Day in that same momentous year, 1066, William the Conqueror, the first in the long line, was crowned in the Abbey amidst shouts of "Yea," "Yea," from the subjects who "bowed to him, for need." His Normans outside, alarmed at the shouting, feared for the safety of their Duke, and battered at the doors in a tumult. Truly a living picture of the old order giving place to the new.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION.

*The Making of the English Nation*, by Robertson; Oxford Manuals, Blackie and Sons.

*From Palæolith to Motor Car; or Heacham Tales*, by H. Lowerison.

*The Adventures of Beowulf*, C. Thomson; Horace Marshall & Co.

*Guide to the MSS., Charters, etc.*, British Museum.

*King Alfred the Great*, by Walter Besant; Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, E.C.

*Thierry's Narrative of the Merovingian Era.*



## CHAPTER IV

### HELLAS AND THE HELLENES

#### PART I

" The Present moves attended  
With all of brave and excellent and fair,  
That made the Old Time splendid."

If you turn back the pages of your Museum notebook from the last entry—the seal of Edward the Confessor—to the fourth century B.C., you will find the name of the old geographer and traveller, Pytheas. You will recall the glimpses of Britain that we had through him, glimpses rather uncertain and wavering, that only showed us how very dim are those far-off times in the countries he visited, and how little we really know of the old Britons and Gauls of those centuries.

Let us turn to the map we made to illustrate the Roman Empire in the first century A.D., and go home with Pytheas. No doubt it was rough in the Bay, it often is, and Pytheas in his small boat may have thought that the sight of the barbarians—the " unintelligible people " whose speech sounded like " bar-bar " to his Greek ear—had been scarcely interesting enough to make the expedition worth while. However, once round the west of Spain, past the high rock that the traveller little thought would belong two thousand years later to dwellers in the foggy island he had just left, and safe once more in the familiar waters of the blue Mediterranean, the old sailor could safely " spin his yarns " in his home at Massilia (now Marseilles) of the round huts, wicker boats, great stone circles that he had seen ; there was no fear of contradiction.

Our voyage will be many miles longer, if leaving Pytheas at Massilia, we press on to see the Mother Country that had planted this colony, and many more besides, on the shores and islands of the Great Sea. We shall pass some on the south of Sicily and Italy on the way to Crete. Then still going towards the rising sun, we come to the sea of many islands, giant's stepping stones they are, to the *fringe of colonies* at the edge of Asia Minor. Turning back,

we are at last in the presence of the little Mother Country, who had sent out so many strong and large children, in very orderly fashion too. It is Hellas, the land of the Hellenes ; or as we say following the Romans, Greece of the Greeks.

Now call to mind all that you have ever seen that is beautiful, actually or in pictures, in Cornwall, Wales, the Lake Country, Scotland, Ireland, and then as you pore over the map of Greece and the Archipelago, let your fancy see the blue sea as it laps gently on the yellow-white sand in endless little bays and creeks of the " in-and-out " shore. There are dark rocks and deep waters too, where the mountains seem to plunge into the sea to raise their heads later as gay little islands.

And those solemn mountains, some rugged and bare and snow-capped, some clothed with dark woods ; they seem to guard—as in truth they did—the smiling valleys between, full of flowers and fertile fields. Listen to the sound of the streams, now hurried and noisy, now slow and whispering—do you know the sound of a " wee burnie " in the Highlands?—and feel, if you can, the warm sunshine and delicious breeze, the clear, crisp air, and watch the rosy sunrise, the glowing golden setting, the blue sky of day turn to deep purple sown thickly with the brightest of stars. Listen too to what your favourite poets tell you of Greece, and you will soon long to know the people who lived in such an inspiring country—no larger than Scotland—and whose influence throughout the centuries has been for all that is noble in art and literature.

Even a hurried walk round the rooms—about twenty of them—that contain treasures from Greece will show wherein this influence lies.— Those graceful forms caught in lasting marble, those perfect temples, that wonderful picture gallery of the vases, together with the treasures in the *Bronze, Coin, Gem and Terra-Cotta Rooms*, show us what the Hellenes were, how they lived and thought. It is only time and growth that will make us fully realize how much their lives and work have mattered to all who have come after them with eyes to see and ears to hear.

We will not begin at the beginning, but, like children who cannot wait and must have the best first, will turn to the century before Pytheas, the fifth century B.C. You must be careful of space in this page ; there is so much to draw, so much to write, and the interest of it all is so absorbing.

It opens with the clash of arms, with the trampling of huge armies, with deeds of brave daring that make your heart beat, your cheek hot. You know the stories of the Field of Fennel, of the Hot Gates, of the Land-locked Bay, of the Retreat of the Ivory Throne? So write the great names of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, Plataea, at the top of the page; your history will tell you of the Persians and how the Greeks met them, and how the message of the gods came true and fire and sword destroyed Athens and the temples.

Standing before the model of the Acropolis in the *Elgin Marble Room*, let us throw ourselves into the heart of Athens; remembering that, though Sparta was brave, Thebes dogged, and other states that went up to make the whole had some good points, it was really Athens that was the life and soul of Greece and the centre of those circles of ever-widening influence.

You see a hill, flat at the top, which is twice as long as it is broad, with steep sides as high as the cliffs at Dover, rising from the rocky plain on which Athens was built. You mount by the Gate Temple, and, while resting, turn to look at the glorious view; the shining sea some four or five miles off, the misty hills in the distance, the dark ones nearer, the slow shallow streams hidden with olive groves. You will notice other hills in the town, crowned with build-ings and trees. On this one, marked Mars Hill, a stranger stood in the first century A.D., and preached a long and wise sermon to the men of Athens, and its text was the temples and altars before him.

If you dig down some little way below the surface of the Acropolis you come upon what is called a "stratum of ruin"; a layer of blackened and broken remains; they tell the story of the sack of Athens by the Persians. Sad as it was, it gave an opportunity (you remember the opportunity to Sir Christopher Wren given by the Great Fire?), and fortunately for Greece and the world, there were men ready and able to make the most of it. Close beside us is the bust of Pericles, one of the greatest rulers of Athens, who organized the great work of rebuilding and found the necessary money; there were architects, too, able to plan great temples, and the finest sculptor the world has ever seen to adorn the buildings with his own work and that of the pupils he inspired.

Let us move on to the model of the Parthenon, the greatest of these temples; you can see its position on the Acropolis, near its

south edge, high above the great Theatre of Dionysus, from the model of the "hill of the citadel."

Walk round it slowly, notice its plan, twice as long as it is broad; the central chamber, the cella or temple itself, surrounded by massive simple columns, two rows of them at each end; above these the triangular gables of pediments; then peering inside notice the division into two large halls and the spot where stood the great statue of Athene; there is none left of it now, but the small statue close by is supposed to be a Roman copy and to give some idea of the original. Think it out; forty feet high (seven tall men standing one above the other); the face, arms and feet of ivory; the garments, shield and helmet of gold; the image of Victory, six feet high, standing on the outstretched hand with a golden wreath. It must have had a solemn and magnificent effect when seen in the splendid temple built to contain it.

The steps and passage round the cella seem to invite one to come thus near to the temple, to study its beauties. Look up: under the shadow of the columns and the roof they support is a continuous band of sculpture, in low relief. A great part of this band, the frieze, has been brought to England and is arranged round the walls of this *Elgin Room*. Now stand outside and see the square blocks of sculptured stone, filling up the spaces between the beams (represented in stone). These are the metopes; many of these too are on the walls above the frieze. In the pediments of the model are shown the remnants of the sculptures in the round, which once adorned them in their perfect beauty.

Let us take each of these three different classes of sculpture which belonged to the Parthenon, the work of Pheidias and his "school," and find out enough about them to make us want to know more, and then come back to our model, to bring it as far as we can to our minds in its first glory, when finished, about the middle of the fifth century B.C. Athene was worshipped in her temple for a thousand years; then Christianity was accepted in Greece—about the time when Christian missionaries from Ireland and Rome were preaching to our English forefathers—and the Parthenon was turned into a church. Then, alack! Athens was taken by the Turks, one hundred years before Elizabeth came to the throne and the Parthenon became a mosque. Some two hundred years later came a great calamity. The Venetians bombarding the town set fire to the

powder kept in the chamber, where once the great mysterious statue was honoured, and there was an explosion which threw down the walls and roof as you see them in the model.

Perhaps the pediment sculptures suffered the most. You see those that have been brought to England set out on marble plinths each side of the long room; weather worn and broken as they are, they are considered the most perfect models for study for all artists.

Take the East Pediment first: it was the one over the chief entrance farthest away from the Gate Temple, which led up to the Acropolis. You will notice first the top of one of the columns, of the simple and grand Doric order, which is placed between the two halves of the marble plinths. Above this is the copy of a drawing made a few years before the explosion, and by its help we are able to form some idea, though by no means an exact one, of how the broken and prostrate figures were originally set up. An old traveller, who loved old buildings and old stories (will you write his name. Pausanias, beside that of another book-writer, Marcus Aurelius, in the middle of the second century A.D.), tells us that the subject of the East Pediment sculptures was the old story of how the goddess Athene sprang fully armed from the head of the great Zeus, her father; so we can try to imagine the lost central group—Zeus, his daughter and Hephestos, who split open the god's head with his axe. Of the various gods and goddesses grouped about them, perhaps the slight figure with the floating drapery was the beautiful messenger, Iris, the rainbow, flying to take the wonderful news to the world; perhaps the grand figure easily reclining on a rock is Theseus, a hero-king of oldest Athens, to whom was raised a beautiful temple below the Acropolis, standing almost perfect to this day. The horses of Helios, the sun-god (are you thinking of the heliotrope?) are on the left, rising with fiery impatience above the rippling waves. We cannot hear the splash, as Tacitus suggested! On the other end is the downward-bent head of one of the horses of the moon-goddess, Selene, about to sink below the horizon; sunrise; moon-set. Enjoy slowly the perfection of this head, the truth of the swelling neck and nostrils, those holes show where metal bridle and trappings were once fastened.

The West Pediment takes us back to the story of the founding of Athens, and again the drawings of the artist Carrey help us to

reconstruct the groups. You remember the story? Athene and Poseidon, god of the sea, disputed as to the possession of Attica; it was about the size of Cornwall. The gods decided that it should belong to the one who gave the best gift to the country. So Poseidon struck with his trident (Father Thames has taken the pattern of this) and a salt spring bubbled up (some say a horse appeared). Athene, the wise, stooped down and planted a seed-stone which grew and grew as the silent company watched, to a beautiful olive tree; for long, long years the spring, the marks of the trident and the olive tree were shown in the temple of Erechtheus on the north-side of the Acropolis.

The gods judged Athene's gift the best, and so the city became Athens, after its chief goddess and protector, and the olive trees spread slowly by the river banks and gave their fruit to make oil to increase the riches of the country. It is supposed that the figures on each side of the two principal ones are gods and heroes of Attica, and sea and river gods, sympathizing with Athene or Poseidon.

Now for the metopes. You will notice how far the figures of the Centaurs, half-men, half-horses, and the men they are fighting, the Lapiths, stand out from the background; this sculpture is in high relief.

The reason for the fight is said to have been the bad behaviour of the Centaurs at a wedding feast, where they tried to run off with a Lapith bride. You will notice the fine modelling, the expression on the faces, the grouping and strong action of it all, before turning to study the frieze.

One needs to go round the room many times and slowly, to take in the spirit and feeling of this wonderful frieze. You see at a glance it represents a procession, the great procession that once every four years assembled in the outer Potters' field and wound its way round the base of the Acropolis, up through the beautiful Gate Temple, to present a new garment to drape the little olive wood statue of Athene, believed to have fallen from heaven, or, as some say, the gold and ivory statue of Pheidias. But this procession must not remain in marble to us; we must see the colour, the white, purple, blue, crimson garments; the golden ornaments and vessels sparkling in the sun; the dazzling armour; the animated faces and shining eyes. We must hear too the joyful shouts as the victors in the games pass by; the strains of music and song; the trampling

of the horses, the lowing and bleating of the victims for the sacrifices ; and with it all is borne the smell of the fruit and flowers, sweet spices and cakes, carried in baskets and trays through the warm soft air and sunshine.

Call to mind the enthusiasm of any cheering crowd you have seen, at the Coronation for instance, and the sort of feeling like a lump in your throat (are you sure there were no tears in your eyes ?) as the splendid horses pranced by to stirring music, and then Royalty, which to us English means so much, passed swiftly on amidst loud greetings. Think too of our excitement and pleasure when our own boys, brothers and sons, win in the match or in the sports, and what reflected glory we feel at having prize winners and successful authors and musicians in our own family and town. All this and much more did the Athenians feel on those grand days. It was a religious festival that stirred their deepest feelings ; their goddess had to be honoured and propitiated with sacrifices by her own people, colonists as well as those who lived under the protecting shadow of her mighty uplifted sword. Imagine her great bronze figure, not far from the Gate Temple, seventy feet high ; the sailors out at sea could see the tip of that sword and the crest of the helmet.

If the light be good, you can see on the model where the procession is supposed to start, and trace it round the cella. How you enjoy the details ; the horsemen getting ready, fastening sandals and garments, soothing the horses (one dear animal is licking his fore leg), the speed gradually increasing, marshals hurrying them up and getting all in order, holding back the chariot coming on too fast ; then the modest dignified girls and the lovely folds of their simple garments ! A record has been found, belonging to the end of the first century B.C., saying that girls such as these " had performed all their duties and had walked in the procession in the manner ordained with the utmost beauty and grace." They had also subscribed for a silver cup to be dedicated to Athene and placed in the treasury of the Parthenon.

The old men with branches, and the magistrates, belong to the quieter part of the procession and lead up to the most important and perhaps the most beautiful part of it, and here we touch fable again. There is a seated row of gods and goddesses—if it were a picture they would be in a semi-circle in the background—waiting

to receive the bearers of the peplos, that wondrously embroidered robe of saffron and purple wrought by the young maidens of Athens. What grace there is in these figures, what repose and perfect ease, what greatness!

They make us realize what fine models Pheidias, the master sculptor, must have had before his eyes in these old Hellenes of the fifth century B.C.

And now let us go back to the temple model for a few minutes' thought. Lift, as it were, those round pediment sculptures to their place, see the metopes in position and the frieze round the north and south sides of the cella, and round the band at the top of the inner row of columns, in front of the east and west entrances. Besides all this, fix on the lions' heads (there is one on the wall behind the Caryatid) at each end of the pediments and the smaller adornments along the edge of the roof and the gleaming gold shields below the metopes and beam ends. Remember too, that the marble now grey with age was dazzling white when fresh from the quarries near by; also that a great deal of the sculpture was picked out with colour and relieved with metal trappings and weapons.

What lights and shades and hidden beauties must have been revealed in the glories of the sunrise and sunset!

But the Parthenon is not the only temple represented in the Museum. Look at that beautiful strong figure, the Caryatid, one of the six supports in the south porch of the Temple of Erechtheus, where the sacred little olive-wood statue had its home, and where the trident marks, salt spring and olive tree were shown. Perhaps you have noticed a copy of this figure in St. Pancras Church, Euston Road? You will see the difference between the Ionic column from the eastern porch and the Doric one of the Parthenon. Sketch them both for your notebook; the Erechtheion belongs to the end of the fifth century.

In the *Phigaleian Room* is an interesting picture of the Temple of Apollo, built by Ictinos, the architect of the Parthenon; and some of the metopes belonging to each end and the frieze, an inside decoration in this temple, are on the walls of the room. Here we get Centaurs and Lapiths again and the battles of Greeks and the war-like Amazon women.

We next wend our way to the *Mausoleum Room* to find the



remains of the Tomb of Mausolus, Prince of Caria, one of the Greek colonies in Asia Minor—thence our word "mausoleum." You can enter it in the middle of the fourth century—just a hundred years later than the work of Ictinos.

The two colossal figures in the middle of the room are Mausolus and his wife Artemisia, who showed her love and sorrow by raising this most wonderful tomb to his memory. It was so ruined when discovered that no one is sure of its construction, though most scholars agree that the royal pair stood in a chariot drawn by four horses on the top of a pyramid of steps, which was supported by columns on a high base, richly sculptured. All was highly coloured and further ornamented with lions and marble groups. You will find the models and pictures interesting, especially the one that shows the beautiful country in which it stood. A few minutes from the Museum is St. George's Church, the top of which is an imitation of the Mausoleum pyramid, surmounted by George II in a Roman toga!

Up the steps from the *Mausoleum Room* we come to the beautiful Nereid Monument, found also in Asia Minor, in Lycia, destroyed by an earthquake. The model helps one to reconstruct it and see where the friezes and figures fitted in; the sea maidens, who give their name to the monument, give a delightful sense of easy motion, "scudding along the surface of the waves." This belongs too to the fifth century.

Do you remember a stirring scene in the first century A.D., when, as the result of a sermon by the same fearless preacher we saw on Mars Hill in Athens, there was a great riot of workmen shouting for hours: "Great is Diana (Artemis) of the Ephesians"? They were afraid, if the preacher were listened to, that their trade, their living, would be done, for they made gold and silver articles (such as the cup the maidens dedicated to Athene) for people to buy and offer at the shrine of Artemis. A feeling of nearness to this scene of two thousand years ago comes to us as we enter the *Ephesus Room* and see the sculptured columns, the Ionic capital and other fragments of this temple. It was probably finished about the end of the fourth century B.C., so was already four hundred years old at the time of St. Paul's visit.

Yes, that is Alexander the Great close by. It is said that the first temple at Ephesus was burnt down the night of his birth, and

## CHAPTER V

### HELLAS AND THE HELLENES

#### PART II

#### THE PICTURE-GALLERY OF THE VASES

"What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?"

"I AM one of the prizes from Athens." So runs the inscription on one of the oldest Pan-Athenaic vases that the Muséum possesses, the Burgon vase, in the *Second Vase Room*. Found in Athens itself, it was won there a hundred or more years before the glorious temples and statues of the time of Pericles crowned the "hill of the city." For the procession pictured on the frieze of the Parthenon, with the games that went before it, was no new event in the fifth century B.C.; for long years, strong young men had trained and practised and striven to be best in certain feats of bodily skill, and the winner, besides much honour and many privileges, obtained one of these red and black figured amphoræ, full of precious olive oil.

An old Greek poet sings of the sweet strains of music that heralded and welcomed the triumphant victor in the games at the festival of the Athenians, and of the figured earthenware vase, baked in the fire, that contained the prize of the olive fruit.

What an echo this brings to us of the brilliant holiday, full of colour and life and enthusiasm, in the clear sunshine; an echo repeated still more faintly in the dim far-away story of how Athene won her Athens by the gift of the olive tree.

Let us look well at these vases: some sixteen of the older ones in the *Second Vase Room* and eleven in the *Fourth Vase Room* of later date. Athene, with shield and spear, appears on them all, painted in a stiff ancient style; sometimes her robe is so rich it recalls the peplos worked by the Athenian maidens; sometimes the inside of her shield is seen, though generally the outside, and many and varied are the adornments upon it. In the Burgon vase it is a fish; on others close by are patterns of stars, Pegasus, snakes,

an ox ; but one of the most interesting is the group (in the *Fourth Vase Room*) of two friends—Harmodius and Aristogeiton—who died in the attempt to set Athens free from tyrants. One of these, Hipparchus, was killed by Harmodius, as he was in the act of marshalling the Pan-Athenaic procession : Do you remember the marshals beckoning and holding back on the frieze ? You might draw the two figures from Athene's shield towards the end of the sixth century B.C. ; they are from a well-known marble group in Athens, carried off by the Persians, and either restored or copied in later times.

So much for the obverse side of the vases ; on the reverse in nearly every case you will find pictured on it the game or race for which the prize was won. The Burgon vase, for instance, shows the race of the two-horse chariot, the Biga ; another close by shows the four-horse chariot, the Quadriga at full gallop. Musical contests on the lyre and the double pipes are on two others ; there are also scenes showing the honour done to the " one " who " receiveth the crown." How one would like to have heard the herald announcing the victory in his clear flowing Greek, and seen the wreath (a perishable one, no doubt, like those St. Paul had in his mind) won in other great games of Greece, of wild olive, bay and parsley. Those tripods we shall see amongst the bronzes later on. But most of the contests shown on these vases make us think of the " sports " in which our boys of to-day try for silver cups and medals, others bring us a moving vision of Highland games, with heather underfoot, blue hills in the distance and the heartening skirl of the bagpipes !

See these athletes of twenty-five centuries ago, hurling the disk or spear, boxing, wrestling, foot-racing, jumping with weights in the hands—we shall find a pair of these " halteres " in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life*—generally with an instructor or umpire beside them. It was not easy to be first, where all were so good ; the possession of one of these vases meant years of unwearying training in the gymnasium.

Perhaps when you were looking at the relics from the Gaulish chariot burial in the *Iron Age Gallery*, a bronze jug and a cup-shaped vase in red and black ware caught your eye, as being different from any of the other vessels from Gaulish and British graves. Sketch the cup carefully, noting the shape, handles, arrangement of a red figure on a black ground. Its shape reminds one of the cup

of a flower, and it bears the same name, a *kylix*. Now think of it ; that vase was made in Greece, in the fifth century B.C. (we shall find many more of the same style in the *Vase Room* of that period) ; it was brought by the fortune of trade or war to the cold north, to lie for centuries there beside the great warrior who had owned it, in his mouldering chariot grave.

Passing slowly through the four *Vase Rooms*, we soon realize that we are truly in a picture gallery that will illustrate for us not only the daily life of the old Hellenes, but more wonderful still will show us what ideas were passing in their minds, about their religion and the bright fancies inspired by their beautiful land and climate, and about the poems and plays they knew by heart. Some of the pictures are signed ; signed by artists who laid down their brushes a thousand years before the Angles and Saxons came over the North Sea to settle along the shores of Britain.

Before examining the pictures, it will be useful to draw the various shapes of the vases in a page at the end of the notebook, putting the name and use beneath each sketch (see *Guide to the Greek and Roman Antiquities*, pages 186-192). The *amphora* is already familiar from our study of those used for prizes ; the *kylix* or drinking cup we know, too, from the Gaulish burial ; the wide-mouthed *crater* (compare the crater or cup of a volcano) was used for mixing wine and water after the feast ; the *kyathos* ladled the mixture into the jug, *oinochoë*. Then there is the water jug, the *hydria*, with three handles which we shall often see on the vases, as well as the saucer-like *phiale* for pouring out offerings to the gods. Besides these are more drinking cups and jugs that were used for pouring out oil, a drop at a time. As you think over the beautiful forms of these vessels you will not wonder that the artist-potter often signed his name, as well as the artist-painter.

Some of the oldest pottery in the *First Room* goes back to twenty centuries B.C. ; some has been dug up from the supposed site of Troy, at the north-east corner of Asia Minor, just below the " Sea of Helle," where the tired little girl loosed her hold of the golden-fleeced ram ; possibly some of these light vases, ornamented with lines and patterns and queer figures, may belong to the stirring times of the great siege and its heroes. You might sketch some of the later ones in this first room in the seventh century B.C., remembering this is all the work of the childhood of the art.

On coming into the *Second Room*, we see a great advance in the shape and style of the vases ; black figures painted on a red ground, which is in fact the clay mixed with red ochre, of which the vessel is made. A good sketch for the sixth century is the potter on one of the kylikes at work, his heavy wheel serving as a table while he fixes a handle on a kylix, with finished vases on a shelf beside him. This is to be found in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life* in the case illustrating Industrial Arts.

Perhaps you have already noticed a great difference between the vases of the *Second Room* and those of the *Third* and *Fourth* ? The potter, for instance, is painted in black on the orange-red clay ; what about the figure on the chariot burial kylix ? It belongs to the fifth century, and like most of the later ones the figure is blocked out and remains red, while the ground is filled in with black, just the reverse of the earlier ones. The stratum of ruin on the Acropolis, the work of the Persians early in the fifth century, gives up fragments of pottery signed by the great artists of this red-figure style.

The vases in the *Fourth Room* cover the third and second centuries B.C. ; many are large and showy, but the drawing becomes less and less good, and the subjects less noble ; at last the art of vase-painting dies out.

Now what can we glean from the vases about the daily life of the people we have seen thronging the temples on the Acropolis, or packed in the great Theatre of Dionysus listening with rapt and critical attention to plays, new then, but still read, acted and appreciated twenty-five centuries later.

We will begin with the babies. In the table-case illustrating Toys and Games in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life* are some very small vases, painted with their portraits. Are they really more than two thousand years old ? you ask, as you watch the fat baby, so like our own, creeping towards the apple or the toy beyond its reach ; will it pull everything down on its head ? That little "pretend" meal, being set out by two very small hosts, how like to those we "assist" at so often ! We can almost hear that toy-cart being jerked over the floor. They must have been fond of pets, those children ; look at the models of birds, dogs, turtles, which with other toys lie round the tiny vases, and which were once warm with the clasp of baby hands. The jingling rattle, the rag-doll from the Greek colony in the Delta, looking so home-made and worn



Two Horsemen in the Parthenon Frieze—page 48



A Metope from the south side of the Parthenon.  
A Lapith fighting with a Centaur—page 47.



Group of Sculptures of the East Pediment of the Parthenon,  
with Metopes in the background—page 46.

in Britain, with much the same "styli." A terra-cotta group shows how the boy's hand was guided by the teacher (one somehow seems to feel that small hand struggling to be independent!), there is also a fragment of a reading lesson, as old-fashioned as possible, ta, tē, tē, ti, to, tu, etc. ; and a multiplication table up to three times ten.

Just beside the table-case that holds the small vases, toys and school books, are the vases that show the boys of twelve to sixteen learning music. The master is teaching the lyre to some very grave, attentive pupils before him. Behind his chair, waiting their turn, the idle boys are playing with a cat! On another vase there is a singing lesson going on, an exercise being corrected, a master sitting in his chair listening to recitations ; chiefly from the very same poems of Homer, that our boys on the "classical side" learn now.

We have seen on the Pan-Athenaic vases how the Greek boys trained their bodies in the gymnasium and the results. Their great object in attempting feat after feat was to be strong, and perfect in bodily size and health, so too in the training of their minds with music and the study of great poets ; it was not for the sake of passing examinations, or to earn a good living, but to try to cultivate right feelings and to form citizens of noble character.

In the *Third Vase Room* table-cases are many kylikes, signed by great masters—you can distinguish their names in Greek letters, Duris and Hieron, showing young Athens at play ; conversing, feasting and in some cases enjoying the game of "cottabos." Say the word several times ; it is supposed to give the sound made by a successful "hit." There is a cottabos stand in the *Fourth Vase Room* like a standard for a lamp, with a saucer sort of plate about half-way up the stem. A little figure was fixed on the top and poised on that was a smaller saucer. The aim of the game, which seems to have needed as much skill as serving "screws" at tennis, was to throw the dregs of wine from the kylix at the top saucer so that it should fall with a jingle on the one below ; cottabos, cottabos.

We can learn a great deal from these entertainment vases ; how the guests reclined on couches ; how the wine and water was ladled out from the craters ; how the boots were hung up on the wall. Look also at the cottabos vases in the *Fourth Room*.

Perhaps you are thinking of the lads' sisters, the Sapphos and Timaretes? They were not troubled with many lessons and were

kept much at home, as they grew up. On the beautiful knuckle-bone vase in the *Third Vase Room*, there is a graceful dance of young girls (are they playing at being breezes or birds?), and there is a charming picture on a vase close by of a girl fastening her girdle, while she holds the top of her dress with her teeth. It is easy to understand the "make" of such a dress, by studying the small terra-cotta figures on the shelves of the *Terra-Cotta Room*. Here are hundreds of girls' figures, each more charming than the last; as someone has said, all sisters but none twins.

To make a "chiton," the under garment, take some butter muslin, wet it and wring it into a tight twist to dry. Then measure from the top of your head to your feet, and from tip to tip of your out-stretched hands; and cut out an oblong piece of the material, your height gives the length, and the width is twice the stretch of your arms and hands; next join it; turn over the top piece (the depth of head and neck), and fasten on the shoulders with three or more buttons; put the arms through the openings each side; tie your girdle like the girl on the vase; and with a long woollen wrap over your head, or round your shoulders or waist according to taste or weather, you are quite "dressed." As you will see from the figures, men wore much the same as women, though generally their chiton was short. In the *Room of Greek and Roman Life* there is an interesting vase picture showing a woman preparing the wool for spinning, another weaving on a hand-loom.

Another favourite subject is that of girls fetching water from the Spring Callirrhoë, to the south of the Acropolis. Notice the water jugs (hydriæ) with three handles, carried so easily on the erect heads—the little pads like those market porters use to-day are interesting—also the stream of water from the lion's mouth in the well-house, at which the first girl is filling her hydria. You can almost fancy you see the next just going to raise her left hand to bring her hydria down when the first is ready to move away. The four behind know there is time for a chat. Might one of these girls be in the mind of the potter Charinos, when he inscribed on his jug close by, "Xenodoke, methinks, is a fair maiden!"

Another picture, which gives a glimpse of life about Athens, is the olive-gathering scene: one man is up a tree and seems to be shaking it, while others are knocking the fruit down with sticks, and a boy picks it up into a basket.



We see, too, many delightful pictures of ships—on one a lad is just taking a dive into the water, reminding us that swimming was generally taught—some of the merchant ships are moved by sails alone, and the war galleys have banks of rowers, as well as masts for sails. These ships remind us of the colonies of Greece, all round the Mediterranean, and the enterprising Pytheas; they make us think, too, of the building of the fleet of Athens and its prowess, and how the “wooden walls” protected the people, carrying them to safety, when fire and sword destroyed both the city and the temples of the gods.

Some of the very best work in the *Third Vase Room* is in a group of delicately painted vases, several colours on a white ground, and amongst them is the cover of a toilet box, bearing a picture of a wedding procession; a torch-bearer goes first, then a musician playing on the double pipes, followed by the bridegroom leading the bride. Sometimes we see the bride being “fetched home” in a carriage to the sound of festive marriage songs. One almost needs a glass (your botany one will do quite well) to thoroughly enjoy the beautiful faint drawings in these cases. Notice amongst them the men training horses, and the girl plucking an apple. The greater number of the white vases have subjects connected with burial and the tombs, and very serious and beautiful are the attitudes of the mourning figures. One shows the grief over the strong youth cut off in his prime; on another a young warrior is being laid in the tomb by Death and Sleep; Charon, the ferryman of souls over the Styx, is on another; having pushed his boat into the reeds, he is talking to a girl; these vases were made on purpose for offering at tombs, the “lekythi for the dead.”

The large paintings of ladies at their toilet and also those showing offerings at tombs must be well studied (in the *Fourth Room*), they throw so much light on the dress and customs of the time. It is not difficult to make out the baskets to hold work, the fans, the collars, wreaths, fillets, mirrors and other trifles of the lady of fashion. So much for the Pan-Athenaic vases and the illustrations of the daily life of the old Hellenes.

The subjects of the rest of the pictures in this very old art gallery are from their religious beliefs and from the literature of their country, which they knew so well.

We have seen already that we share in some small degree the

interest and delight felt by the Hellenes in the stories of their gods and heroes. We now proceed to see the pictures to these stories. Name your favourites; make a list of them; they are all here; it is hard to know where to begin, and harder still to know where to finish, but as you go from case to case you will find some illustration for nearly all. Do not see too many at a time, for like all other picture galleries, it is tiring to the eyes, the head and the feet!

Shall we start with the Trojan War? You have already marked the supposed site of Troy in your map, and scholars are believing more and more that there really was such a place, such a siege; but how far the grand old poems are true, where fable ends and history begins, how far back in the dim distance it all happened—if it did happen—no one knows. Indeed, some doubt if the poems are the work of one man, if blind Homer, wandering from place to place, ever existed. It was all true and real enough to the Hellenes!

Perhaps when you were in the *Gold Room*, seeing British, Roman and Saxon jewellery, you noticed the Portland vase with the beautiful illustrations of the marriage of the silver-footed Thetis and Peleus. The subject is a favourite one in the *Vase Rooms*; generally the transformations by which Thetis tried to get away from Peleus are shown; and the result looks like a group of struggling human beings and weird animals. It was at this marriage that the uninvited wicked fairy threw the apple of discord "to the fairest" among the guests.

Many vases show the handsome shepherd, Paris, trying to decide which of the three goddesses who laid claim to it, had the best right. In one picture he is fleeing from the difficult task, but in the end he gives it to Aphrodite. In the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, Paris, there is a lovely vase painting of the goddesses preparing for the trial. Hera, arranging her veil at a mirror—there are many such amongst the bronzes—Athene, catching in her hands the water flowing from a lion's head in a little fountain house. Aphrodite arranging her veil too, while her son, Eros, fastens her bracelet.

It was a fatal gift that the winner bestowed on Paris—that he should have the most beautiful woman in the world for his wife. One of the terra-cotta plaques near the *Gold Room* shows Paris just stepping into the chariot in which he has placed Helen, wife of Mene-

laus, king of Sparta. In his absence, too! They fled to Troy, where the father of Paris—old Priam—was king. The Greeks were two years preparing for war to avenge their friend's loss. You remember the great names on their side? Achilles, son of Peleus and Thetis, and his friend, Patroclus; Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, brother of Menelaus; the gigantic Ajax, Odysseus and Nestor, the wise old counsellor. In the *Second Room* you can see the heroes playing at draughts while waiting for a fair wind at Aulis, and on another the sacrifice of Iphigenia. The substitution of a hind at the last moment is shown by the animal's head and fore-legs appearing in a very curious manner. The voyage at last completed, we see many of the incidents of the long siege; long, because the Trojans, Priam, Hector, Æneas, Sarpedon, were all brave, and at critical moments, which might have been decisive, the gods and goddesses interfered to help or hinder.

We must look at Achilles with the maiden Briseis, the cause of so much strife; at Thetis bringing fresh and glorious armour for her son, straight from the forge of Hephæstus; at the brave Hector's body being dragged round the tomb of Patroclus; at Achilles in ambush, while Polyxena is drawing water (Polyxena who was afterwards sacrificed); at Achilles slaying the beautiful Amazon queen. We see too Ajax and Hector, Hector and Menelaus, the baby Astyanax in his mother's arms, afraid of the glittering armour of his father, Hector; there are also scenes of the ending of the war, of the death of aged Priam and his queen, Hecuba and her daughter being led away from sanctuary. Other museums can show you Athene making the great horse, Thetis sitting waiting for her son's armour and many more most interesting details.

We must pass on to the return of Odysseus to his home after years of wandering and adventure. We find Penelope mourning in his absence on a plaque near that of Helen and Paris, and a vivid illustration of the blinding of Polyphemus, and of Odysseus passing out of the cave beneath the ram on the vases. Delightful too is the picture of the ship passing the Sirens, Odysseus bound to the mast, so that he cannot obey their call; the ears of the sailors being stuffed with wax, so that they shall not hear it, as they splash their oars through the dangerous passage.

You will find illustrations of the birth of Athene, a little doll-like figure, springing from the head of Zeus, with Hephæstus and his

axe close by. One can hardly imagine that Pheidias would thus represent the great goddess over the chief entrance to her temple. The exploits of strong Heracles and Theseus are given over and over again. In both cases these heroes had to give up their freedom for a time to serve a taskmaster who set them works of unheard-of difficulty. You remember the twelve labours of Heracles? You can find him here struggling with the Nemean lion; with Geryon; holding in Cerberus; but the one which will amuse you the most is the sight of the cowardly Eurystheus sheltering in a large jar (there is such a jar in the *First Room*) while Heracles is just going to throw the great boar upon him.

The name of Theseus takes us back to Athens; but to illustrate the time before he came to his inheritance there, we see a beautiful picture of him amongst the terra-cotta plaques, lifting the stone to find his father's armour, his mother standing by. Helped by this, we see him fighting the Minotaur (can you fancy you see the black sailed ship, with the weeping youths and maidens?) and performing successfully his other acts of valour.

Perseus and the sad Medusa occur again and again; on one occasion the hero is receiving the gifts of hat and sandals which were such a help in his difficult tasks.

The sorrowing Demeter is shown on many vases—you remember her beautiful statue by the *Ephesus Room*? Often she is sending forth Triptolemus in a winged chariot to bear the knowledge of wheat growing over the world. Sometimes she is with her loved daughter, and on one occasion is saying farewell, as Hades drives her away again in his chariot with fiery black horses. Perhaps this was after one of Persephone's yearly visits home?

Here too we can try to listen to the sweet strains of Orpheus, as he charms the rocks, the stones, the trees, even the fierce Cerberus, seeking his lost wife, Eurydice. Oh! why did he turn back too soon?

The fickle Jason; the cruel Medea; the silly daughters of poor old Pelias are all here; as well as Pandora receiving a wreath from Athene; fair Europa on the milk-white bull; the wily babe, Hermes, grown up, with the infant Dionysus on his arm.

As you look through the rooms from case to case, you feel almost overwhelmed with the life and movement, the strength (does it matter whether some is fable?) spread out as it were before you.

Just one more picture to finish. There is the moon setting behind a hill; the stars are fading from the sky as the sun rises pursued by rosy Dawn. As the heat of his rays increases, the pure dew disappears from the earth.

Does this setting of the story of Milton's *Attic-boy*, Kephalos and Prokris carry you in thought from the vase in its glass case to the land of clear air, blue skies and seas and glittering cliffs? Prokris, the dew, was the daughter of Erechtheus, the king of Athens, whose temple we know so well on the Acropolis. Kephalos, the sun, slew her, though he loved her, and when his day was done, he sank sadly into the Western Sea.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION

*The Art of the Greeks*, by H. B. Walters; Methuen.

*Greek Art*, by H. B. Walters; Methuen.

*Tales of the Gods and Heroes*, by Sir Geo. Cox; Kegan Paul.

*Illustrations for School Classics*, by G. F. Hill, M.A.; Macmillan.

Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*.

## CHAPTER VI

### HELLAS AND THE HELLENES

#### PART III

#### "A COUNTRY WITHOUT BORDERS"

You remember the stirring sight in the field just beyond the walls of Athens—the outer Ceramicus—of prancing horses being soothed into taking their places, of youths fastening their sandals, of busy marshals getting the procession into order? From hard by this spot come most of the beautiful tombstones which are shown in the *Phigaleian Room*, where we saw the metopes and frieze from the Temple of Apollo, built by one of the architects of the Parthenon.

One can well believe that the workmen who helped Pheidias carry out the noble adornment of that building, would turn to account the taste and skill they had gained under the great master, by doing work such as this for private people, when the State no longer required their services.

" May there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea "

sang our great poet, and this thought seems to have been in the mind of the Hellenes twenty-five centuries ago. Do you not feel it as you look at the bent head, the gentle, self-controlled expression of face and figure, the quiet rendering of some everyday act, so frequently seen in these tombstones? There is the mother leaving her baby to the care of the nurse; the beloved lad in his prime, standing in the doorway, towel over shoulder, strigil in hand, on his way to or from the bath; the lady with her jewel case, is she giving parting gifts? Here is shown no frantic grief, but rather a sorrowful wish to remember the dear ones who had "left the sunshine for the sunless land," as they looked in the old everyday life.

The votive reliefs in this room were chiefly offered to secure success in some race, or to express thanks when victory had been won. The races were those such as we saw painted on the vases, and we hear again the "four-footed trampling" as the chariot hurls

by, and are dazzled by the swift torch-bearers as they carry, in relays, the sacred fire from one shrine to another. Could anything be more natural than the poses of the successful "squad" offering their torch to Artemis Bendis? Another of these tablets shows the winner being crowned with a wreath; it is a little mare with a four-footed friend looking on.

The same good taste and refined art are found in the fifth century work in the *Terra-Cotta Room*, where we have already looked at Greek fashions in clothes. The group of dainty little Tanagra figures, as they are generally called from the place where they were found, show as we have seen, the people who walked about Athens, who watched the processions, who paid visits, chatted, rested, danced, raced, played with knucklebones—try if you can manage the attitude of those two girls—and enjoyed life generally in sunny clear-skyed Athens. Small studies of the hats, tambourines, fans, lyres, associated with the different figures, would look well in the fifth and fourth century pages of the notebook.

The earliest baked-clay figures in this room are amusingly like nursery efforts, especially in the case of the seated ladies. We saw some like them in the *First Vase Room*. Even amongst quite old specimens we recognize in the subjects acquaintances such as Perseus cutting off the head of Medusa; Bellerophon on Pegasus; Thetis seized by Peleus; Helle crossing the sea on the ram. One of the most interesting, among many of the subjects on the terra-cotta lamps, is Diogenes in his "tub," a large jar, such as we saw in the *First Vase Room*, and again in the picture showing Eurystheus "receiving" the boar from Heracles.

Now before going further in our search for treasure in the "realms of gold," we will consider the meaning of the words "Etruscan" and "Græco-Roman" found in the guide book and in the rooms of the Museum, and referring to classes of objects more or less like the Greek in style. If you look at the name of the place whence came the sarcophagus in the *Terra-Cotta Room* with the effigy of the good-natured, prosperous looking lady Seianti, reclining on her elbow, as she admires her jewellery in her mirror, you will see it is Chiusi or Clusium. Yes, you have it!

"Shame" on the false Etruscan  
Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome."

Read the lay of Horatius again with your map and you will see the position of Etruria, whence come things Etruscan. It was a powerful and rich country before Rome had risen to greatness, and many are the remains now brought to light, hidden for centuries, of temples and great tombs, adorned with paintings and reliefs, besides many treasures of statues, bronzes and gold ornaments. You can compare them with the Greek ones, for in most cases they are side by side in the Museum, remembering that much of the best work in bronzes and vases is believed to have been imported from Greece. For long, long years, little or nothing was known of the old Etruscans; their literature has perished, a key to their language is still wanting; yet to-day in their wonderful tombs in Italy—there are models of some in the *Græco-Roman Basement*—the little protecting genii still hang on the walls from the very same wires that were used in the far-away prosperous past.

Perhaps a few entries in the notebook will help to make things clear. In the eleventh century A.D. write, "The Foundation of Etruria." About the middle of the eighth century write, "The Foundation of Rome." In the beginning of the fifth century comes "The sea power of Etruria broken"; and in the beginning of the third century, "Etruria made subject to Rome." Lastly, in the middle of the second century write the words "Græco-Roman"; they will serve to remind you that it was then that the Hellenes, called by the Romans *Græci*, in their turn also passed under Roman rule.

The order in which the two words are placed is significant; the conquered first. You know the stories of the triumphs of successful generals? How long processions of captives in chains, of wild beasts from hot countries, of treasures of gold and silver from the East, wound through the streets of Rome, and past the "bellowing Forum," adding excitement and pride to the joy of victory, like fuel to fire. When the Romans conquered Hellas and her colonies, the spoil that passed and passed and passed, was the silent grand forms, "In the stone that breathes and struggles, the brass (bronze) that seems to speak." Can you see the two scenes in your mind's eye? The sadness of those who loved the treasures as they saw them dismounted and taken away from their familiar places in the cities, in the temples and shrines of the gods, and the tumultuous rejoicing with which they were received and borne along in the streets of Rome.



Now, before the time of the conquest, Rome had begun to admire and copy Greek taste and study the Greek language and literature ; when this flood of wealth, captured statues and other works of art, poured into the country, its influence was enormous. Romans went to study in Athens ; Greek workmen crossed over to Rome ; and always for years and years went on a steady rifling of the old sites for the treasures they contained, for setting up in Rome or Constantinople, and other great cities. This Greek conquest over Roman minds makes the saying true, "Captive Greece led captive her proud conqueror." It is also true that when Greece died (to rise again) as a nation, it was at that moment of sad despoiling that her influence spread all over the known world, carried by Roman arms, as province after province fell before them. From that time "Greece practically became a country without borders."

As we wander through the galleries containing statuary in the British Museum, many sad thoughts crowd into our minds ; to begin with, of all that enormous wealth of beautiful work of the fifth and fourth centuries (the result of over a thousand years' growth) very little has survived those dark ages that followed the fall of the Roman Empire. Barbarians of every nationality, who saw no beauty in them, broke them down, melted the marble into lime, the bronze to recast into weapons. What is left, we owe chiefly to the protecting care of Mother Earth, who, helped by Father Time, has kept them safely hidden till men were ready and able to prize all they could find and study of the precious fragments of the best work, as well as the Roman copies of the old Greek masterpieces, when these were hopelessly lost.

Let us look again at some of our chiefest treasures—at Theseus on the Parthenon pediment ; at Mausolus and Artemisia in their chariot ; at the gentle sorrowing mother, Demeter ; at the Nereids, scudding like foam on the curling waves ; at the lion-headed Alexander. When our time comes to visit other museums, perhaps even some of the old sites, we shall find others to store beside them in our minds that we now know only by pictures and casts, such as the Hermes carrying the baby Dionysus to his nurses and the Victory binding her sandal.

Many of the sculptures bear the labels on their plinths, giving particulars of where they were found and what parts of them are restored. Amongst many of great interest are the cast of the bronze

charioteer, with the garment of beautiful straight folds; the disk-thrower, also from a bronze statue; the little Cupid riding on a dolphin; the youth binding a fillet round his head. As we read the Roman names given to the Greek ideals, we realize how many words we get from them. Juno for Hera gives us June; Ceres for Demeter, cereal; Vulcan for Hephaistos, vulcanite; besides many more. We linger by the Beautiful Dreamer; by Niobe and her children; by Homer, with Zeus, the nine Muses and Apollo; with Dionysus visiting at a Greek house, with delightful details of wreathing the walls, and of the success in a chariot race, and of the probable calling of the host. It is interesting to compare the Græco-Roman basket-bearing girl with her more natural and easy sister in the *Elgin Room*, from the south porch of the Erechtheum.

We have already studied the Roman portraits, and little by little have become familiar both with their names and faces, as time after time we pass through the gallery and admire the skill and truth of this branch of Roman sculpture; we shall have opportunities of testing our memory when we find the portraits on a smaller scale upstairs on the gems and coins.

It is difficult to express the pleasure, the entire satisfaction, that one feels at looking at the best amongst the beautiful coins and gems. You must have a good magnifying glass, and go very slowly, doing only a few at a time. Shall we find the gems first, so enticingly set out in the *Gold Room*? The subjects seem to recall what we have seen in the sculpture and vases of the best period, and how delicate and clear is the work! Here are Zeus, Athene, Medusa, Heracles; Achilles mourning his friend Patroclus; the priest of Laocoon and his sons in the toils of the serpent; also illustrations of daily life, one pretty girl reading from a scroll; another seated on a rock, writing, reminds us of the Tanagra figures. We find an athlete twisting on his boxing "glove," as we saw on the vases, another tying his sandal, a youth playing on a lyre. Then the interesting animals! A horse falling; a mule rolling on his back; goats prancing (very "capricious"), a camel, an ape, a grasshopper and fly, a wild goose flying, and many more full of delight and charm.

This art of engraving on gems, chiefly to be used as seals, dates back to those very old times, of which we have seen relics from Cnossus and Mycenæ, perhaps two thousand to sixteen hundred years

B.C. Turn back to these centuries in your notebook, and copy one of the three slim-waisted ladies in elaborately flounced skirts, which look as if they were "divided" ones! These seals were found at Mycenæ in Argolis; a place which has given its name, as you will have noticed, to a class of specimens belonging to these far-off times, found in many islands of the Eastern Mediterranean.

Amongst the cameos (the design being carved in relief, instead of "cut in" like the gems), you will find many Romans you know by sight; Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Nero, Severus, and Caracalla, Hadrian and many others. To find more we must turn to the *Coin Room*,\* where are shown a series of Roman coins (electrotyped), the dates of which stretch over a period of about eighteen hundred years. Looking at this £ s. d. so spread over the world, and with which so much was effected—was it paying the soldiers, settling colonies, building great temples, palaces, baths—we see besides the portraits and figures of the gods and goddesses we already know, "the great Twin Brethren, who fought so well for Rome"; Janus, the god of beginnings, hence the name of our first month in the year; Vesta, the goddess of the fire on the hearth, whose service was kept up by the Vestal Virgins. Even more interesting than these are the coins that illustrate the facts in history or the manners and customs of the time: such as the priest tracing the walls of a city; the making of a treaty; the German Campaigns of Drusus; Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul, and scores of others.

In cases just beside the *Coin Room* door are the electrotypes copies of the wonderfully beautiful Greek coins, which have been well called the grammar of the Greek art. They are, like the gems, untouched, unrestored, just as the artist hand finished them, and show the local style of art at different times during six hundred years. From them we can learn much that would be otherwise quite hidden from us.

Besides this, look at the names of places whence they come; some you know well, such as Athens, Sparta, Corinth, but some bear names never heard of till the coin was found. But besides geography, think too of the history we can learn from the portraits on the later ones; amongst many less well-known ones we find Alexander, his generals, and Cleopatra, one of hers closely resembling the bust that we saw in the *Third Græco-Roman Gallery*. The calm,

\* The *Coin Room* is not at present open to the public.

powerful face of Mausolus, too, almost startles us, so like is it to that of his grand statue. These coins moreover often show us copies of some lost sculpture, and help us to put together fragments that have come down to us. We can only mention a few; the fine coins of Athene and her owl of wisdom; the slits across some of the large ones recall the Persians' trial to test the quality of the metal. We find, too, Zeus, seated on his chair, perhaps as Pheidias presented him in his great gold and ivory statue; Pan, with his pipes beside him, "piercing sweet by the river"; Pegasus, with wings and golden bridle, whose kick was able to stop Mount Helicon as it rose heavenward with delight at the sweet song of the daughters of Pierus.

But we must look amongst the earlier coins to find the "Archaic grin" which amused you on the very old busts, and also those from Cnossus in Crete, showing the labyrinth—like a very large Hampton Court Maze—long believed to be the haunt of the monster who devoured the tribute of young men and maidens. Late discoveries show that King Minos' huge palace itself was the labyrinth; full of frescoes, and great jars, treasure chambers, and thrones (you remember the cast of one in the *Archaic Room*), this palace of the axe—the religious symbol of a double axe being found on the walls—is intricate and vast indeed, and most necessary it must have been to have a guide, such as Ariadne and her clue of thread, to find one's way out.

There are many wonderful articles of jewellery in the *Gold Room* from these very distant times, that adorned the fashionable ladies of the "divided" skirts, from Rhodes, Crete, and Cyprus, all belonging to the old Mycenæan period. Some fine ornaments of the seventh and sixth centuries bring us on to the cases of the finest specimens of Greek jewellers' art. Here your glass will show you wonders of fine work in threads of gold, in braids and chains and fringes of gold, in tiny devices of winged victories, doves, animals, all most delicate and beautiful. You could sketch some in the fifth to the third centuries.

The Etruscan ornaments are close by, and you will notice the use of tiny globules of gold instead of threads. The later taste was for large showy necklaces and ear-rings, which remind one of Scianti; some of the finer wreaths of gold leaves must have looked lovely, especially against dark hair.

The moulds in which many of the ornaments were made are shown, as well as bars of gold, in shape like sticks of liquorice, which belong to Roman times, as does the jewellery, which is of more commonplace design, and is often set with precious stones and pearls.

Some of the finger rings are very interesting, especially the Greek one engraved with Odysseus beneath the ram, escaping from the blinded monster ; a Victory driving a four-horse chariot. Another has Cupids at play in a boat—take off the wings, and the picture is one you may see on any shore, in any age—notice too a youth fishing, a parrot on a branch.

We must give a passing glance to the silver plate of the sumptuous Romans, and a very interesting figure wearing a crown like the walls of a city. The figures of deities above her head represent the days of the week and remind one of the *entente cordiale*. Do you see why? Read them ; Saturn, the Sun, the Moon ; Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus. English names from the first three, French ones from the last four. Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Mardi, Mercredi, Jeudi, Vendredi. The three silver-gilt votive tablets to Jupiter carry us back to the temples, and the mob that roared for hours for fear their trade should be taken from them, and remind us that the gods and goddesses were not only honoured by marble statues and reliefs, but by a great wealth of metal ones of every kind, chiefly bronze. So we now wend our way to the *Bronze Room* close by, to see the examples the Museum possesses of those that have escaped the melting pot. When the dark days came, and the treasures that had been taken from Greek temples were scattered and neglected, only those escaped destruction that were buried and out of sight of the destroyers.

So looking round this room, we find but few traces of the wonderful large statues in bronze so admired by Pausanias and other ancient travellers and writers. You remember the great bronze figure of Athene on the Acropolis ; the bronze group of the two liberators of Athens from the Tyrant ; the famous wounded Amazon in bronze that won a first prize? All have perished. Amongst those which show us what has been, we have the figure of Apollo with inlaid eyes ; the fine large head of a goddess, broken off from a great statue, the beautiful winged head of Sleep, also a splendid fragment of a leg from a colossal male figure. The boy playing Morra is an interesting link with the Italy of to-day ; the game of

guessing the number of fingers held up by two players at the same time was played by the Roman soldiers who conquered the world as well as by the street boys of Italy now.

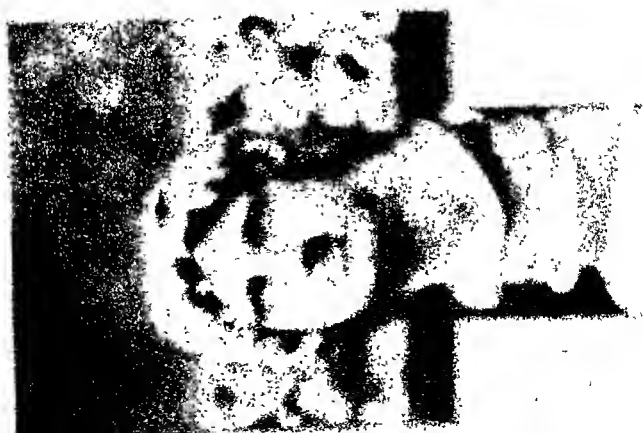
There are numbers of small statues, chiefly of gods, from Zeus to Cupid, and of animals ; some very fine, many of them Roman, and echoes of greater works now lost.

The bronze reliefs are very beautiful, especially those beaten out from the back—repoussé. Look very carefully at the fragments from the shoulders of a cuirass, found in the river Siris, the figures, a Greek and an Amazon, are very wonderful, so too are many of the reliefs on the backs or cases of mirrors. On one of these mirrors is an amusing picture, incised on the metal, of graceful Aphrodite playing at the game of five-stones with a grotesque Pan with goat legs. He holds up a finger to the Beauty (" half a beast was the great god Pan "), as much as to say, " Play fair."

A great many of the bronzes are now arranged in the cases so helpfully set out and classified in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life* and in the *Italic Room*.

We have already looked at the table-case of toys and games, but gladly linger amongst the babies and school children, and share in their games and pleasures. We read of a happy boy who gained as a writing prize eighty beautiful knucklebones, such as these near the dolls, and what treasures those fine glass striped marbles must have been! Besides the writing materials are the painters' palettes and colours, and the remains of a portrait in an " Oxford " frame. The scraps of painting—one can easily understand how these would perish in the course of years—remind us of the pictures painted on the walls of the cities, buried under the dust and ashes of Vesuvius ; a good many are shown close by and in the *Gold Room*, their colours being still fresh and bright, and the subjects very familiar.

In the case illustrating Industrial Arts we have a picture of the forge of Hephæstus, the worker in metal. You remember the charming story of the devoted mother, Thetis, hastening to this forge to obtain a new set of glittering armour for her great son Achilles, to replace that lost on the body of his friend? On one of the Etruscan bronzes—was it brought over from Greece?—there is the picture of a Nereid, crossing the sea on a sea-horse, carrying the helmet of Achilles. Bellerophon leading Pegasus with a halter—fancy a winged horse submitting to a halter!—is on another,



also the sacrifice of Trojan captives at the funeral pyre of Patroclus.

Another ancient art is finely shown by the picture of the potter at his wheel, by the tools and the moulds used ; also by a model of the kiln used to fire the objects when ready. The heap of spoiled, over-baked lamps must have been a disappointment to the man who made them. The specimens of fretwork and delicate products of the lathe, in marble as well as in softer materials, are particularly interesting ; so too are the illustrations of spinning and weaving in the case of the Domestic Arts. Note the shuttle, the spindles and whorls, the clay loom weights, the pictures of the industrious girls, one spinning as she walks along, the other with a hand-loom on her knee. Here, too, are specimens of the woven material, as well as netting needles ; a pair of scissors ; pins of every description, starting with a thorn.

The case of toilet articles carries us back to the fine ladies we saw on the latest vases, and their care for their complexions, hair and ears ! Those mirrors are dull now ; what radiant faces have once smiled from them, pleased with their fine jewels, and wreaths, and becoming attire ! The footwear of the ancients always puts to shame the spine-injuring, muscle-weakening high heels seen daily in our streets, and there are some fine specimens here in which one could enjoy dancing or running. The safety-pin brooches, some ornamented with a little animal or figure (here is one with a very tame Centaur), also the hook and eye fastening, and the cork soles, all remind us of the fact that there is little new under the sun.

The case illustrating acting shows the masks worn to give the required expression of sadness or laughter, and here, too, are inscriptions on metal telling of old treaties ; the Athenian jurymen's tickets with their names and home written on them, and a very pathetic medal belonging to a slave. Imagine having to wear round one's neck such words as these, " Hold me, lest I escape, and take me back to my master Viventius on the estate of Callistus." Was death the only captor who would not take him back to his master ?

One wonders if the hoard of tiny copper coins, so like German pfennige, found in the terra-cotta jug, were the savings of some very poor man ; and those Athenian silver coins and those corroded ones from Pompeii, how were they earned, how spent ?



Weapons seem much the same all the ancient world over, but here we have besides spears and daggers, relics from the Field of Fennel—Marathon—that heroic day on which hung the fate, not only of Greece, but of Europe.

We must turn now to the cases round the walls. We have already looked at the Etruscan corner, and thought over the strangeness of these things being buried and lost to sight for some twenty centuries.

Will you sketch beside the fateful words, "Sea power of Etruria broken," early in the fifth century, the helmet that fell from an Etruscan soldier's head at the battle near Naples, and was taken as booty and dedicated to Zeus at Olympia?

Passing the cases of armour, we come to the objects illustrating the public games; the view on the top of a lamp of the circus while a chariot race is going on; the disk for throwing; like the one in the hand of the Discobolus statue; the pair of jumping weights, halteres, held in the hands and swung up high, as we saw on the vases, to give an impetus.

The series of models of wheels, animals, hands, legs, ears, plaits of hair, deposited in the temples of the gods, in prayer or in thanksgiving, remind us of the votive tablets in the *Phigaleian Room*. Clothes and toilet articles were also much dedicated in this way—you remember the dolls' clothes of Sappho and Timarete?—and here we have lists of various articles, amongst them is "a little tunic, with a washed out purple border."

A list of the treasures in the Parthenon—you remember the treasure chamber in the model?—at the beginning of the fourth century, includes two specially interesting things; one is "a gilded Persian sword." How the heart of an Athenian, who had heard the story from his grandfather, would throb at the sight of that sword, and the thought of the Persian hosts, the ruined and burnt city, the escape of the country, the enthusiasm of restoring and beautifying the sacred Acropolis.

The other treasure was some of the "golden olive petals" from the wreath of the Victory that stood six feet high on the hand of Pheidias' great gold and ivory statue of Athene the Virgin.

We must pass on to the wall-case showing Methods of Burial and see the tablet of the dog, with "speaking ways," and the urn holding human ashes. There was a tiny coin found amongst them, still adhering to the jaw-bone; this was the fee for the ferry-

man Charon, for the passage across the Styx, placed in readiness between the lips of the dead. From grave to gay, we pass next to hear the sounds of the lyres and pipes, and the clap of the dancing girls' castanets on the "educational" vases we have already enjoyed.

The illustrations and models of shipping in old days set one dreaming of the blue tideless Mediterranean, and the journeys for pleasure or profit on the "great highway of nations." The more we look at the remains from the countries round its shores, the more we realize how much their inhabitants must have travelled about, and traded together. The specimens of Roman building materials, such as bright marbles and alabaster, help us to "see" the great city in its glory; below them is the slab with the print of a dog's paws; he had run over it, so dog-like! before it was dry, and here are the marks for all time.

The scales and weights, both Greek and Roman, are a study in themselves, and so is the water apparatus, which made the baths of Rome so perfect. Here we see many strigils and other bath necessities.

The kitchen department contains not only every variety of ladle and implement, including an egg whisk, pepper castor, egg spoons with pointed ends to get the snails out of their shells, and moulds for stamping cakes, but also a basin of eggs from Rhodes, charred nuts and corn from Pompeii. We can finish "furnishing" with the lamps, the bronze ornaments for seats and couches, the candelabra, amongst which is the Cottabos stand, the brazier with tongs and fuel for a chilly day.

Now, as you sketch the things that interest you most in the centuries to which they belong, try to live in the brave days of old, make friends with your hosts—the babies and their mothers; the school children and the pedagogues who taught them manners; the brave soldiers; the artists, writers, leaders of men; all represented in these galleries. Then how you will enjoy, when the time comes, the study of Greek history and art, the visits to foreign museums, the pilgrimages to Marathon, Athens, Rome.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION

*Guide to the Greek and Roman Antiquities*, British Museum, 2/6.  
*Dean Church's Classical Stories.*

## CHAPTER VII

### EGYPT

#### PART I

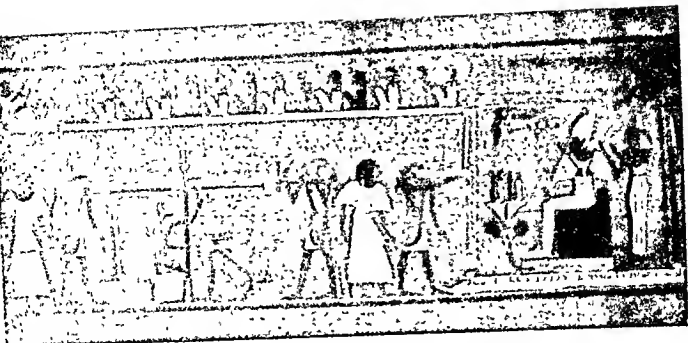
"The Egypt to which the Hellenes come in ships is . . . a gift of the River."

WE have already seen much in the Museum that has brought vividly before our eyes the fluttering of sails and the glancing of oars on the broad bosom of the Great Sea.

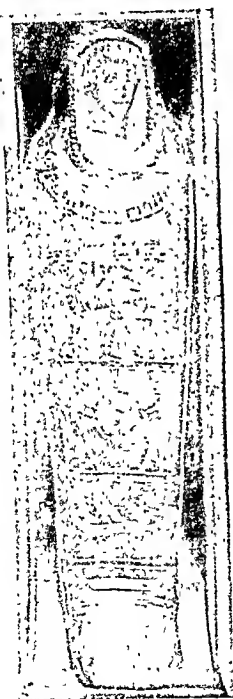
We have made acquaintance with the Greek traveller Pytheas in his distant home at Massilia; we have seen vases won in games at great festivals in the mother-country, carried to the victors' homes in North Africa, to be found there centuries later in their graves. Those beautiful coins from Sicily and South Italy (called Great Hellas) have shown us how important and rich were their owners, living in the colonies across the Ionian Sea; while fragments of fine temples and tombs from Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægean have helped us to feel that the art and power of the Hellenes were their splendid birthright, which found expression in works of beauty wherever they settled.

This chain of Greek-speaking seafarers, traders, artists, all round the shores of the Mediterranean was made complete, so to speak, in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., when enlightened rulers of Egypt threw open to Greek merchants ports which had hitherto been closed to foreigners. The new-comers flourished, and many and interesting are the remains that have been dug up from the Greek towns in Egypt.

If you fill your brush with green paint and make a triangular-shaped lotus flower near the top of the page, extending the point at the apex into a long bent stalk, finishing off with a bud on the left side a little below the flower, you have a rough sketch of the river Nile. The flower is the Delta, to which "the Hellenes came in ships"—you remember the ships on the vases? The stalk is the course of the river, with the country watered by it on each side; the bud is the district called the Fayoum. Your sketch too, with the position of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea shown on the



The Judgment Scene. From the facsimile of the papyrus inscribed with the Book of the Dead—page 93.



Mummy of Artemidorus, enclosed in red plaster case—page 83.



Ushabti figures made for Seli I, King of Egypt—page 84



A mummied cat —page 84.

north and east, gives an idea, not only of the Nile but of Egypt, the real habitable Egypt, as well, for though you may see straight boundary lines on the map, marking out the confines of the country, it is nearly all desert beyond the influence of the river. For countless years the great giant has silently been at work, bringing down fertile mud from the highlands through which he passes. It will interest you to trace the mighty river up to one of its sources in Abyssinia, and then journey on to the huge parent lakes in the heart of Africa. Can you imagine a river twenty times as long as the Thames, and in parts many times wider than our river is at London Bridge? Where the course is rocky and steep, there are rushing cataracts, but from the point where the Nile enters Egypt, it flows on steadily to the sea, making the great natural highway of the country.

Measure the Delta by the scale on your map, and you will find it is about ninety miles in the widest part, and that the point of the triangle near Cairo is about ninety miles from the sea; also that the length of the Nile from here to the boundary of Egypt at the First Cataract is about as far as from Land's End to John o' Groat's. You will have noticed in harbours, or when passing under bridges on the Thames, figures to show the daily rise of the tides; now at Cairo and other places in Egypt, there is a Nile measurer, not to show tides, for there are none, but to show the rise of the inundation. Year by year the great giant rises out of his usual bed, quite untucked, and spreads the rich mud he has carried from afar over the low-lying country around, watering and fertilizing it in a truly wonderful manner. You know already how fertile Egypt was in old times, for did not neighbours such as Abraham about the twenty-fourth century, and Joseph's brothers about the seventeenth century come to Egypt seeking food when it was scarce in their own land?

There was terrible distress in the country of the Nile if it rose too high and drowned the farms and villages, or if it began to sink before the life-giving waters had spread far enough.

We English know that we owe in large measure the greatness of London to Father Thames; for the mysterious Nile the Egyptians of old felt so much reverence and awe that they worshipped it as a god under the name of Hapi, "the Hidden," for they knew not whence it came, nor why the stream rose and fell; nor why it was now red,

now green. They addressed many beautiful hymns to the "Hidden" one :

" Hail to thee, O Nile !  
Thou showest thyself in this land,  
Coming in peace, giving life to Egypt,  
Shine forth in glory, O Nile ! "

Now in the fifth century B.C., already so full in your notebook, there came a traveller to Egypt, who also kept a very careful and full notebook, from which he afterwards wrote a history. His name was Herodotus ; he was a Greek, born at Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor—that name is already familiar to you. Do you remember the picture in the *Mausoleum Room*, showing the restoration of the tomb that was once one of the wonders of the world ? Do you remember the blue sky and sea, the golden fields, brilliant flowers and sunshine of Halicarnassus, where stood Mausolus for many centuries in his chariot on high, his thoughtful, earnest gaze penetrating the dim distance ?

More than a hundred years before Mausolus and his queen Artemisia lived and died, and left their mark on the world of the fourth century B.C., the boy Herodotus played about in those golden fields, under that blue sky and sunshine, but chiefly, one would believe, about the rocky harbour of Halicarnassus, eagerly watching the ships and listening to the talk of the sailors and merchants, and of soldiers home from the war, till his heart burned within him to study and travel and write about the stirring times in which he lived. Look at your fifth century page ; six years before the " Father of History " was born, the battle of Marathon was fought ; so he was four when the struggle between the Persians and Greeks was continued at Thermopylæ and Salamis. As you write " Herodotus " beside these thrilling names, and as you " think " over the map of the then known world, try to feel in your heart the spirit of those times, the wave of relief as the huge Persian armies straggled back to the lands in Asia whence they had come, and try too to understand the energy, the patriotism, the pride, that nerved the dwellers on the shores of the sea of many islands to make good what the hated enemies had burnt and destroyed. You can then realize a little the thoughts passing through the mind of Herodotus as he travelled from Babylon to South Italy, from the Black Sea to the First Cataract of the Nile. Especially can you feel with him on his second visit to Athens, when passing through the colonnade

of the new Gate Temple, he saw the dazzling fresh beauty of the Parthenon before him. Share too his delighted interest as he gazed from the Acropolis, "placing" mentally all he had gathered about Salamis and the other battles that had saved not only his country, but Europe beyond.

Perhaps you are wondering why he went to Egypt at all, when the object of his book was to give the true history of the struggle between Europe and Asia. Now the "First Artist in Prose"—this is another of his pleasant names—liked above all things to begin at the beginning, so he traces the steps by which the Persians became so numerous and powerful, and as one of these steps was their invasion and conquest of Egypt some years before the attempt on Greece, a description of that country had to come into his scheme.

Herodotus was filled with wonder as he travelled by the Nile, and found much to say about its size, its mouths, its floods, its sources, as well as about the people who lived on its banks.

When he saw the valley from Cairo to the First Cataract lying under water, and the Delta like a great lake with towns and villages studding its surface like islands, the Greek traveller was reminded of the "Islands of the Ægean." It was he who called the Delta the gift of the Nile; we can go further, now so much more is known about the soil of Egypt and the sources and course of the Nile, and say that practically the whole inhabitable country lies in its gift.

How the wonderful and sharp contrasts in Egypt must have struck the observant traveller! The flowing wide river with its border, now narrow, now wider, of fertile fields, teeming with busy life and labour, shut in on each side by the silent lifeless rocky desert! How he must have enjoyed the glorious colours of the sun rising and setting, the triumphant unclouded passage of the "Giver of Life" day by day across the smiling valley! Small wonder that the sun was another Egyptian god. We shall meet with him constantly under the name Ra.

As we slowly pass along the ground-floor galleries, we realize how much Herodotus had to see and admire and take notes about, besides the beauties of nature. Look at the stand of photographs. Those pyramids which he passed on leaving the Delta, had stood there in their plain grandeur and gigantic size for more than thirty centuries. You must turn the leaves of your notebook back to

the thirty-seventh century to sketch the outlines of the pyramids ; some have been built later, but that is generally considered the great century of pyramid building. How can we realize the size of these monster tombs? The base of one of the largest covers about the same ground as Lincoln's Inn Fields ; it is over a hundred feet higher than St. Paul's. Think of the thousands of men toiling in the sun, year after year, to build such enormous structures for the honour and glory of the reigning Pharaoh, and to hold his body when life had left it. There are a few stones from the pyramids in the Museum in the *Northern Egyptian Vestibule*. The eyes of Abraham, Joseph, Herodotus, Alexander, have all rested on the pyramids! Again, many of these massive stone statues and columns from temples and tombs were standing in the time of Herodotus as well as the obelisk we know so well on the Embankment. We call it Cleopatra's Needle, but you must sketch it in the seventeenth century below Stonehenge, and look at the great granite face of Thothmes III smiling down the gallery, if you would see the Pharaoh who set it up ; the famous Cleopatra lived many centuries later.

We have caught a few gleams of light as we have looked backwards through the unknown centuries, just enough to show dimly what we hope to see more plainly later on ; we have learned that people have lived for thousands of years by the great wonder-working Nile, as it mirrored day by day the blazing sun overhead, and we have seen a few of the works made by the hands of the toilers.

Let us now, starting from the times of Herodotus, look at the relics of the time when ancient Egyptian history was nearing its end. Our English history is not yet two thousand years old, and we have many different families of kings, many wars, to learn about, much change and growth to interest us.

Egyptian history was at least twice as old as ours is now when Herodotus travelled on the busy Nile notebook in hand in the fifth century B.C., and many families or dynasties of rulers had conquered, held their own for a time, and passed away ; many changes of all kinds had come and gone.

The Pharaoh who employed Greek soldiers and allowed Greek traders to settle in the Delta lived in the middle of the seventh century B.C., and belonged to the twenty-sixth dynasty ; another king of this dynasty, a hundred years later, also favoured the Greeks,



and in his reign Naucratis became a great city. Then came a dynasty of Persians in the fifth century; then some native kings of the thirtieth and last Egyptian dynasty. One of these, Nekt-heru-hebt, was buried in the great stone tomb in the south *Egyptian Gallery*; you will notice that it is sculptured inside and out with writing and pictures referring to the passing of the sun through the hours of the day and night. Can you find the sun-god in the boat in which he travelled from his setting to his rising? See, behind this, the beautifully-cut grey granite figure of the last king of this dynasty. After him the Persians again ruled in Egypt for a few years, till they in their turn were set aside by Alexander the Great. You know his brilliant story well; his control of the spirited horse, of his army, of the fierce nations in his path of conquest, in short his control of everything outside the kingdom of his own self. As you look again at his portrait in the *Ephesus Room*, and on the coins, think especially of his connection with Egypt. You will recall his romantic journey across the desert to sacrifice to his "ancestor," the god Jupiter Ammon; and to this day the second city in Egypt is called after his name, Alexandria. He planned it and founded it, and for many centuries after his death it continued to grow in importance and learning. For the race of kings who succeeded Alexander, the Ptolemies (thirteen of them, the first of the name being one of Alexander's generals) favoured the city of the great founder of their fortunes. One started the immense library and the museum, or rather university, and encouraged learned Greeks to settle there. Another Ptolemy built the tall lighthouse, also one of the wonders of the ancient world; then there was the great causeway that divided the harbour into two parts, and the remarkable buildings which held statues and other works of art, also the bodies of Alexander and his successors.

The Ptolemies were famous builders and restorers, as may be seen in the stands of photographs in the *Egyptian Gallery*. Notice particularly the Temple of Edfu, its splendid towers and gateways, and further still up the Nile near the First Cataract, on the Island of Philæ, the temple called Pharaoh's Bed, and the Temple of Isis. A few years ago a huge dam was made six miles below Philæ in order to regulate the flow of the water; this has caused Philæ at certain seasons to be flooded, and probably this work of the Ptolemies may be destroyed. Many of the race were great book collectors,

fortunately for their own times ; unhappily for us most of them were afterwards burnt.

Near these are other relics of interest in the southern part of the ground-floor gallery ; the cast of the tablet from Canopus, inscribed with three different kinds of writing ; also the slab with Greek writing ; the granite shrine, with holes for the perch of the sacred bird. Chiefest among the treasures here is the Rosetta Stone ; examine it carefully. It came into the possession of the English about a hundred years ago, and scholars worked hard for many years to discover what the writing upon it meant. You will notice that there are three different kinds of writing, as on the tablet close by. That at the top is the picture writing called hieroglyphic, which you will see on the tombs, columns and stones all around you ; next is the same decree in the writing used for business and social purposes, called Demotic ; both these are in the Egyptian language. The writing below this is in the Greek language, so familiar to scholars, and therefore it served as a key—with other help—to unlock the meaning of the hitherto unknown inscriptions. How little did the Greek ruler of Egypt in 195 B.C., for whom this decree was written, think of what immense use it would be in opening out the history of the country to nations then unborn.

Leaving now the long *Egyptian Gallery* on the ground floor, we will pass on to the four Egyptian rooms at the head of the north-west staircase. In an old guide-book to the British Museum there is an account of "a" mummy. Here before you are three large rooms full of mummies and their cases in every variety of style according to the age to which they belong. Let us leave the very early ones for the present, and in the *Third Egyptian Room*, examine a few of those that come from the later times. Herodotus gives a very full account of how mummies were made, bandaged and decorated.

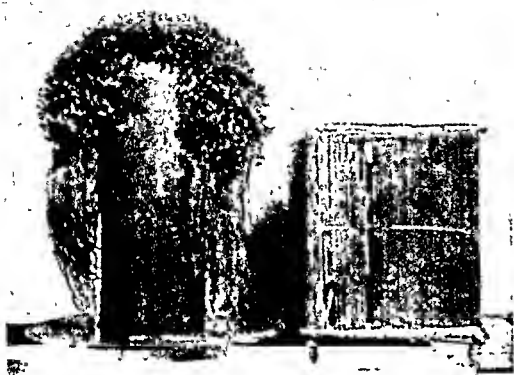
The Egyptians through all their history wished to preserve the bodies of their dead, hence all this care and the use of stone coffins and great tombs, which they hoped no one would enter and disturb. You see the picture in the corner of a mummy on a bier and a human-headed bird hovering over its chest ? That was the Egyptian idea of how a soul—the ka—revisited the body in which it had dwelt during life. To sustain and supply all the needs of the mummy and the ka, the Egyptians buried in the tombs everything that had been used and enjoyed in life ; in some cases pictures

seem to answer the purpose. There are many cases here full of these things, from a handsome wig, three thousand years old, to roast ducks and toys.

Let us look around us in this *Third Egyptian Room*; here are the bodies of fellow-creatures who lived and died and were mourned on the banks of the Nile, while the early Britons were spending their lives hunting and fighting and were burying their dead in great mounds, of whom we know not one single name! Here before us are chiefly illustrious persons, lying in these glass cases in the light of day for all to see after two or three thousand years of the dark stillness of the tombs on the borders of the desert. In most cases their names and professions are painted on their wrappings or coffins; also their dates and ages, the names of their parents and their dwelling place. You will find high officials of the court and palace, priests and priestesses, musicians—you notice the cymbals lying on the body of Ankh-Hapi? We can guess at many particulars of their appearance in life, the shape of their heads, their height. In many cases they are covered with painted shrouds, on which are shown the chief gods connected with the world of the dead; you can easily distinguish *Osiris*, the form of the sun-god after he had set and the giver of eternal life; *Isis*, his wife; *Horus*, their son; *Anubis*, the jackal-headed god of the mummy chamber and of the cemetery; *Thoth*, the scribe of the gods.

As well as the painted shroud there is often a painted portrait over the face. One of the most lifelike and interesting of these is one of a Greek settler in Egypt; this mummy comes from the Fayoum, and is of late date, being about 1,700 years old. The face is a beautiful dark one, rather sad and thoughtful with truthful-looking eyes. There is a wreath painted on the hair like those we have seen in the *Gold Room*, and on the red mummy-covering are painted in gold many scenes connected with the gods of the dead and of the soul revisiting the body. You can find the Greek words over the chest, which sound very tender and pathetic, and mean "O Artemidorus, farewell."

The children too close by will interest you; like their elders they seem to be high born. There is little Cleopatra Candace, with a comb put in amongst the bandages on the left side of her head; did a sorrowing mother put on that withered wreath? Her age is given very exactly, eleven years one month twenty-five days; it sounds

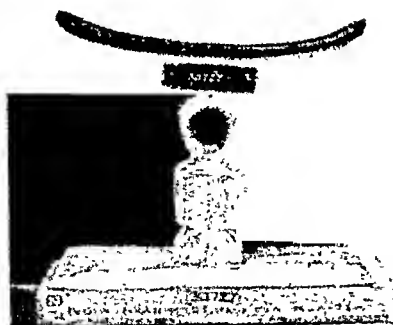


(a) Wig, probably for a lady, found near the small Temple of Isis, at Thebes.

(b) Box made for holding Wig—page 83.



Egyptian wooden and bronze dolls, fish toy, reed ball stuffed, draughtsmen—page 95.



Ivory head rest of Kuatop—page 100.



Unbaked clay brick stamped with the name of Rameses II—page 95.

up flower pots—show receipts for all sorts of payments, and help us to understand life in Egypt when the thirteen Ptolemies were kings. There were plenty of taxes evidently: here is a receipt for one on vines; another is for a land tax; a date-crop tax, even a poll tax. It is believed that there were about seven million people in Egypt under the Ptolemies, and nearly everything that they used or possessed was taxed to support the law courts, the police and the general order and comfort of the country. Many are the interesting relics in these rooms from the times of the Ptolemies and later. There are the "Happy New Year" vases; the amusing figure of Horus dressed as a Roman soldier; jars and their seals from the wine cellars of the period; bronze figures of Egyptian and Greek gods and heroes; Aphrodite, with the head-dress of Isis; Isis nursing Horus; a bronze plaque of Pegasus, school exercises and scribbled drawings.

Turning now to the *First Vase Room* we find early pottery from Naucratis, also ornaments and ivory work. In the familiar case of dolls and toys in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life* are several treasures from Egypt, notably the rag doll, the reading exercises and writing tablet, the lawyer's notebook, and the papyrus letter from Alexandria asking for pure drugs.

Let us look for a moment at the faces of the Ptolemies as shown on their coins, especially comparing that of Cleopatra with her bust at the far end of the *Third Græco-Roman Gallery*.

It has been said that no country in the world has written so many or such good books as Greece; we have already seen how the Ptolemies collected these books and that thousands of them have perished. Still rich treasures of Greek manuscripts are being discovered year by year chiefly in Egypt and often hidden in tombs beside the mummies. Some of these are shown in the case near the middle of the *Manuscript Room*, headed "Greek Papyri." Many of them are either the only known copies of ancient writers, or the earliest copies that have yet been found. You will see some familiar names, amongst them a poem of Sappho, and copies of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; it would be hard to gather the well-known stories from the fragments of papyrus before us: there is also a part of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

The petition from the old recluse at Memphis complaining of the Egyptians assaulting him because he was a Greek, makes one

## CHAPTER VIII

### EGYPT

#### PART II

#### “THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE”

CAN you imagine a lighthouse three times as high as the Monument? The Great Pharos set up by the second Ptolemy is said to have been about that height; be this as it may—and it was one of the wonders of the world—for long centuries the flare has been extinguished which once guided the ships of the learned Greeks, the rich merchants and the poor fishermen safely into the double harbour of Alexandria. Moreover, of the huge tower itself not a trace remains.

But this same Ptolemy did succeed in sending beams of light along the centuries, which will never be quenched, for it was he who caused the Hebrew scriptures, our Old Testament, to be translated from the original and difficult language, understood by comparatively few, into Greek—a tongue destined to be carried far and wide and to become the chief study of thoughtful scholars.

Another light-giving work of this same king was his plan of setting an Egyptian priest and scribe who had had a good Greek education, to write a history of Egypt and her religion in Greek. Now the actual records that Manetho put together from the information he could glean all over the country (does this make you think of our Venerable Bede?) have disappeared as completely as the stones that built up Ptolemy's tower on the little island. Fortunately other writers, who lived not very long after his times, have copied from his works and so we get amongst other details lists of kings and particulars of their reigns, which help to light the great and long past on the banks of the Nile.

On these banks themselves, as we have already seen, we have a direct message from the Pharaohs to later days, for it was they who ordered the inscriptions and pictures to be cut on the walls and columns of tombs and temples which we can read and enjoy to-day. Think of this as you walk through the long *Egyptian Gallery*, past

the Rosetta Stone and other reminders of the Greek kings of Egypt onwards to the relics of earlier times. You will perhaps notice first the lists of kings' names, standing out in new red from the old granite slabs of Bubastis, and also the lists from the fragments from Abydos. From these and from many named monuments close by, it is easy to see how the royal names are always written in what looks like oval loops of knotted rope, cartouches, to keep them as it were apart from common things. A little study, guide-book in hand, will show how often certain signs are repeated; take for instance those that stand for *Ra, ka, nefer, mer*: you will find the translation quite easy.

Besides the bare lists there are the illustrated stories of the lives and greatness of the kings of the "Double House," inscribed on the columns, tablets, statues, all round us, also on the walls of temples as shown in the stands of photographs.

We hope that the warm dry sands of Egypt still cover in safety many inscriptions that will throw yet more light on this dim past, for there are many blanks—many empty century pages—and much uncertainty as to dates. There is also much difference of opinion amongst those who study the matter and who try to fit in the records of the other ancient peoples who were their neighbours beyond the Isthmus of Suez.

No doubt you have seen a model or pictures of the modern canal cut across this Isthmus with the electric light on the banks, and have realized from the description of those who have steamed through it on their way to or from the Far East, the wonders of the narrow channel, now marked out by the floating buoys on the lakes through which it passes, now cut through rock or stony desert.

As we stand before the map in the centre of the gallery, we see how protected Egypt was on the east by the Red Sea, and how the hundred miles of country between it and the Mediterranean were as a causeway between the continents of Asia and Africa.

There is a broad stony plateau between two of the lakes used by the canal in its passage, which cost much labour to cut through. The old, old name of this plateau is the Bridge of Nations, for it was here that the huge armies from either side trampled across between East and West now in the pride of victory, now in the bitterness of defeat.

We will look more closely at these armies later; for the moment



A rubbing of the Rosetta Stone—page 82.



An Egyptian Official of the IV Dynasty.  
Cast of the Wooden Statue of the  
"Sheikh of the Village"—page 103.



Fresco from a Tomb at Thebes,  
XVIII Dynasty. A Fowling Scene—  
page 95.



let us call to mind the number of other travellers who have crossed this highway through the ages—four very familiar and central figures.

The first scene takes us to (perhaps) the eighteenth or seventeenth century B.C. A caravan of wild looking traders, with camels bearing the spices to Egypt so much needed in making mummies, are crossing the Isthmus and in their train is a handsome lad, torn from his tenderly attached father, sold by his brothers to these traders, with nothing but slavery before him in an unknown country. Sad must his eyes have been and hard his thoughts, as he passed through this dreary land of rocky desert and Bitter Lakes.

The second scene, equally familiar, belongs to some twenty years later. We see a company of about seventy people, men, women and children, led by an old man, in whose eyes burn a trembling joy and excitement. He is greatly honoured and cared for by the strong sons around him, and all are thankful when the long dusty journey—some of the party are in wagons, a new exciting experience for the children, some are on foot; asses bearing loads to be urged on, slow-going cattle and sheep to be kept together—at last comes to an end in the green fertile country on the nearest side of the Delta. Who welcomed them?

In the third picture we see a long mournful procession, wending its way towards the land whence the old man and his family came years before. He has seen the desire of his eyes and has died, charging his sons to bury him with his fathers. The sounds of wailing and sorrow come to us as we watch the chief mourners and the friends who have come with them to do them honour, as they pass over the Bridge of Nations with the stately ceremonial of the times and the country.

The last picture belongs to a time some four hundred years later in the fourteenth or thirteenth century, and is in sharp contrast with the solemn funeral procession we saw passing across the Isthmus. Now all is confusion, haste, terror, as a great crowd of men and women and little ones presses to escape from the land to which their forefathers had come in so much hope. A great leader soothes and encourages and organizes the flight. In every breeze and distant cloud of dust they seem to hear and see the dreaded chariot wheels and thud of the horses' hoofs, the rattle of the horsemen, and their mocking shouts; will they overtake and kill them,

or lead them back to the hard life they could no longer endure? You know the end; next morning when the golden sun rose above the haze on the desert hills, it looked down on the pursued safely encamped beyond the water that had barred their way the night before; and on the pursuers all drowned and overwhelmed in their attempt to follow them.

Will you enter Joseph's name in the middle of the eighteenth century of your book, Jacob's name towards the beginning of the same century, and the Exodus led by Moses towards the end of the fourteenth century?

That Hyksos sphinx can be sketched in Joseph's page; the human face of the heavy beast is believed to give the cast of features which belonged to the rulers of Egypt at this time. The Shepherd or Hyksos kings were foreigners without the prejudices of the native Egyptians for those who tended cattle; hence the warm welcome to Joseph's shepherd relations. These Hyksos kings rather destroyed monuments than made them, so there are very few memorials to represent them in any museum. For vivid touches of the life of their courts, how they conducted business, how they could reward faithful service, we must turn to the story of Joseph and the settlement in Egypt of his father and brothers.

Most things changed so little in Egypt from century to century that we may well borrow some of those belonging to an earlier or later date for a background to our picture of the Hyksos times. Can you see Joseph, sitting on the ground reading from a papyrus roll to his master, as thousands of scribes did before and after his time? Is it details of the storing of the wheat that so absorb him and Apepi, supposed to be the Pharaoh who trusted to his advice as he would to his own father's? Apepi seated on a throne like that in the *Fourth Egyptian Room*, said to have belonged to Queen Hatshepsu, is arrayed in fine white linen with handsome necklaces like those in the cases near by, and wears a wig like that fine one in the *Sixth Room* all curls and tiny plaits, under the folds of his royal head-dress. You can find furniture to set about the palace.

The model of the Granary gives some idea of the storing and sealing up of the bins as filled, and those baskets in the wall-case remind one of the dream of the hapless chief baker.

Those country scenes painted on the walls of tombs—inspection of cattle and geese, as seen in the *Fourth Egyptian Room*—were

everyday sights for centuries in Egypt, as were also the entertainments, indoors and out, the visits of foreigners.

You can find Apepi's names amongst the scarabs (the form of the sacred beetle) in the *Fourth Room*, also those of his successors will interest you, some being otherwise unknown to history, others of great renown. Shall we take just a few of these names from the scarabs? Thothmes III, Queen Hatshepsu, Amenophis III and IV, Seti I, Rameses II, Meneptah or Mer-en-ptah. They were all makers of Egyptian history during the centuries in which the Children of Israel lived in the House of Bondage.

The names may seem difficult at first, but if you can find and remember the meanings, that is a great help; Hat-shep-su means in front of, or before, nobles: Mer-en-ptah, the beloved of Ptah; other gods—Amen, Thoth, Ra—are to be found in the other names. It will interest you to find these names as you study the monuments and copy them into the century to which they belong. You will soon discover how often a later king erased the name of an earlier one and carved his own in its place.

For some time all went well with the clan; they tended their cattle and prospered in the pleasant land of Goshen by the Delta. Then there arose kings "who knew not Joseph"; forgotten was the story of his devotion to the country, and the way in which he saved it during the dreadful famine years, and finally hard labour and bitter cruelty became the lot of these Hebrew dwellers in the land.

Look again at the head of Thothmes III in the lower gallery, his name you have already in your book with a sketch of his famous obelisk, now on the Thames Embankment; he was as great a warrior as he was a builder (do you see his Stele with the goddess Hathor, Lady of the Turquoise Land?) and he was one of the first Pharaohs to lead armies across the Bridge of Nations and conquer the powerful nations beyond, both in the valley of the Great Rivers and in the mountains of Syria.

Of his renowned sister, who has been called the Queen Elizabeth of Egypt, we have but few memorials in the Museum beyond the throne, the models of her obelisk, the foundation deposits from her great temple, some scarabs, gold rings and vases. As Elizabeth sent fleets to discover unknown countries, so did Queen Hatshepsu send expeditions to the land of Punt, down the Red Sea, and interesting indeed is the account she has left of the results on the walls of the

who founded, added to, or repaired these magnificent buildings in honour of the great god, Amen-Ra. Many of the mummies in the *Third Egyptian Room* are of priests and priestesses of Amen. While examining the beautifully painted coffins and covers we get glimpses of the dark and solemn mystery of their worship and the multitude of gods whom they revered. Notice how often the mother goddess, Nut of the night sky, is painted as if stretching out her arms to protect her faithful servant; how Osiris, Isis, Horus, Anubis, Thoth occur again and again.

Above the mummy cases and also on the walls of the *First Room* run enlarged copies of some of the chapters of the Book of the Dead. You can also study the facsimile of the papyrus itself as made for the scribe Ani, probably about the sixteenth or fifteenth centuries, in the passage out of the *Fourth Room*, leading to *Edward VII's Wing*. All through Egyptian history it was the custom to write parts of this book on the tombs, or the coffins, or on rolls to put on or near the mummies to serve as passports or reminders in some way for the soul on its journey in the underworld. This copy made for Ani is one of the longest known of the period. Read his titles, " Veritable royal scribe, scribe and accountant of the divine offerings of all the gods, the governor of the granary of the Lords of Abydos, scribe of the divine offerings of the lords of Thebes "; he must have been an important and hard-worked man, and according to the picture before us his labours and anxieties by no means ended with death. See for instance the critical moment when the heart of the dead man is being weighed against the feather of the law; will the result satisfy the scribe-god, that Ani may proceed on his way to Osiris, or will an end be made of him by the Devourer ready waiting? Think too of the strain of giving the right answers to all those doorkeepers and of making the Ushabtiu figures work in the underworld. You remember these little " answerers " buried with the mummy for this purpose. You will find it well worth while to go carefully along the two stands reading the descriptions given; many and many delightful illustrations for your notebook will tempt you to linger by the way—such as designs of the signs of life and stability with the sceptre of power, rows of serpents sitting on their tails, lotus flowers in every beautiful variety. What suggestions you can find here for your needle as well as your brush! Do not miss the ladder by which the soul visited the mummy, the lovely fields of

peace watered by streams, the two-legged serpents, the conceited-looking ram, the lions named Yesterday and The Morrow, sitting back to back. Every time you visit the collections spend a little while on the Book of the Dead ; you will discover something fresh and interesting every time to fit in with your knowledge as it grows. For instance, you will notice perhaps that Ani is often accompanied by his wife Thu-thu, holding the sistrum of a priestess in her hand. Now, near the wig in the *Sixth Room* there is a square box with compartments inscribed with her name. Look inside, there is a pair of dainty pink kid slippers turned up with pointed toes and some red elbow mats for the fine lady! Also there are bottles of toilet preparations for the skin, and most wonderful of all, a double tube with an ivory and a wooden stick to apply the contents of the tubes to the eyes. Egypt has always been a country trying to the eyes, and here Thu-thu three thousand years ago has one powder to apply during the inundation and another to be used in hot weather against the sand and dust. Or again, you have noticed in the Book of the Dead Ani playing draughts, Thu-thu sits behind and appears to be only watching. Now underneath the throne chair that may have been Queen Hatshepsu's there is a beautiful draught box, and on the winning square you can see the sign for good luck.

Besides the enlarged scenes from the Book of the Dead you will find on the walls of the *Third* and *Fifth Rooms* pictures which illustrate the wars of the kings Seti and Rameses. There is quite a touching scene in the *Third Room* ; a quiet Nubian village suddenly disturbed ; one man runs away, another hides in a tree, while the woman with children intercedes with the king's soldiers before her hut. Many of the details as to fortresses, chariots, tribute, are very interesting ; amongst the latter, giraffes and ostriches! Opposite are records of the great wars with the Khita—very deadly and hated enemies of Seti and Rameses beyond the Bridge of Nations.

Great builders and warriors were these kings ; but what made it possible for them to attain this fame ? The lives and hard labour of thousands of soldiers and workmen. Think especially of the labour needed from sunrise to sunset to rear all these temples and to provide for all the luxury of the gorgeous times, to build the great store cities in the Delta, the immense wall across the Isthmus for defence (you remember the Roman walls in Britain ?) besides the always-needed attention to the embankments and the canals

and the tilling of the fields. The thought of all this hard labour is pressed home by the names and offices of those servants of the Pharaohs, which we can read on the stelæ along the walls of the galleries; here are judges, princes and governors, scribes, chancellors, naval and military officers, superintendents and overseers of every trade, of the palace, of public works, even the chief runner and messenger of the king is remembered. What an insight we gain into the organization and bitter life of the times, "bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick," and of the pressing need for thousands of "hands" to carry out the work, hands to use those tools of every description in the *Fifth Room* (some are models, but the wooden mallets were accidentally left by the workmen), hands to work in the quarries and move material as directed by the architects and artists, hands to make and place those bricks in the *Fifth Room*. Do you see the brick with the straw so much in evidence stamped with the name of the Pharaoh, Rameses II? It is he who is believed to have been the great oppressor who issued the cruel order to drown the baby boys. It would then be his daughter who rescued and brought up Moses and had him educated in "all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

As you look round the cases in the *Fourth* and *Fifth Rooms*, let their contents help you to imagine how those years may have been spent: Did the little boy when he first came to the palace from his own mother play with other children, perhaps in a delightful garden like that one with the pond full of ducks and fish? Were their toys such as those in the case? Sketch the cat with movable jaw, the spotted cow, the little rider who sits up so straight on his elephant and the wooden doll with clay beads for hair.

Did the child hear music? Surely it must have been of a very tinkling kind from instruments such as those in the case; cymbals, sistra, flutes and harps? The harps and sistra make good illustrations; the tortoise-shell pierced for strings will remind you of the wily Babe Hermes.

Surely Moses must have enjoyed going in boats on the river, like the child in the picnic party where the father is fowling, the mother gathering flowers, the cat retrieving the birds three at a time.

Later on he must have learned to write. One would think with reed pens, red and black paint, palettes and papyrus such as one sees in the case below the trial sketches and scale models of the pupils.

There were poems, maxims, stories for him to read, besides extracts from the Book of the Dead. Had he perhaps to learn by heart that Chapter CXXV, in which is the list of the forty-two offences which must not be committed? It seems likely when one compares some of them with the Ten Commandments. As one looks at the cases of sacred animals and the multitude of images of gods and animals used as objects of reverence, one can well understand the necessity for the solemn setting forth of the first and second commandments to the Hebrews.

And now would you see even more plainly than the faces and forms set in hard stone can show you, what manner of men these awe-inspiring Pharaohs, Seti and Rameses, really were? What was the shape of their faces and heads, of their noses and chins? Then you must look at the photograph of their mummies by the door of the *Second Room*; to realize that they are thirty centuries old, turn over the leaves of your notebook and you will see that it is even more, and that as you study Rameses you may be looking at the face of the man in whose palace the great leader of the Hebrews was brought up.

And now we have come to the last picture of the four we called to mind. On our way back to the scarabs to find that of Rameses' son Mer-en-ptah, believed to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus, a glance at the cases of gold rings and ornaments, at the metal mirrors and other treasures will remind us of the "spoiling of the Egyptians" and the use to which they were afterwards put. As we go down the staircase, our minds will be full of the stories of the ten plagues and the haunting air of "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea," and the picture will rise before us of the weak undecided tyrant—he who ordered the Israelites to find the necessary straw and yet make the same excessive number of bricks—with his son dead across his knees, surrounded by the praying priests, the powerless doctor, the heart-broken mother; and Moses and Aaron coming in with the light of dawn through the doorway. You will find Mer-en-ptah's name again on the beautiful reed column set up by Amen-hetep III, that and the palm-leaf column will make fine illustrations for your book; as you draw you will think of the riverside that suggested the ideas to the artists who fashioned them, and will "see" the colours, bright gold and deep purple, which lay in sunshine and shadow on the buildings they once adorned.

## CHAPTER IX

### EGYPT

#### PART III

“ How great the perspective! Nations, times, systems, enter and disappear like threads in tapestry of large figure and many colours.”

PERHAPS you know the pleasure of walking leisurely up and down, up and down, a soft mossy path in a garden amongst the hills ; you turn and gaze, turn and gaze, and so, different views of the opening valleys, of the blue distance, of the woods and waterfalls, burst upon your delighted eyes, as you pass and repass them.

It is somewhat in this fashion, not in the course of a quick direct walk to the distant point, that we are looking at the view into the far past, as unfolded in the Egyptian galleries of the British Museum. The view is too vast, too distant, too full of wonders, for us to be able to take it in, as a whole, at one glance, or in one turn, or in one walk of many turns ; indeed, as our eyes grow stronger with use, we distinguish more and more of what there is to see, till we realize that one lifetime is not long enough in which to discover all the interest, all the beauty, that lies before us.

So far, the treasures in the Museum have helped us to get, first, a glimpse of life in Egypt as it was in the days of the Greek Ptolemies, in those centuries just before the Birth of Christ, when the history of ancient Egypt was nearing its end—in fact the last native kings were already dead and gone—and the history of our own country was about to begin.

Next we found much to interest us in the relics from a period of four or five centuries, about the middle of the long history of the country, the times of Israel in Egypt, so familiar to us all in Bible story. During those years a family grew into a nation ; that nation still holds together, though it is spread all over the world, and still honours the laws given to it, on passing out of the House of Bondage over three thousand years ago.

We have made many sketches in our notebooks to illustrate these two periods, the fourth to the first century, and the eighteenth



to the fourteenth century B.C., always bearing in mind that the earlier dates are very uncertain, and that some day we hope the explorers who spend each winter in Egypt may discover some of the missing chapters of the long history. As you cut out from the papers accounts of precious "finds" to paste in your book, try to realize the manner of the finding amidst suffocating clouds of dust and sand dislodged by the diggers; the heat; the anxiety in looking after the men, that nothing be broken or stolen; often "very curious things to eat"; the disappointment there often is, in digging without result, as well as the intense pleasure of success. If the discoveries prove us to be centuries too early or too late in our entries then we can sew in fresh pages in our notebooks, and readjust the names and sketches.

Now, when Joseph made that sad journey to Egypt to be sold as a slave, may he have had some little idea of the country to which he was going, through stories that his father Jacob had had from his father Isaac, who in turn had heard them from his father Abraham? For "Abram went down into Egypt to sojourn there; for the famine was grievous in the land." He and his followers met with a kind reception, and settled down for a while in or near perhaps to the great capital of Memphis, not far from the land of Goshen, where his descendants lived later. Abraham had seen great cities in his youth, but for years had been moving about in tents; so what a change must have been life on the busy Nile, under the shadow of the great buildings, and surrounded by the luxury and pomp of the times, after the constant moving on across wide stretches of lonely country, and the long, quiet watchful nights under the starry sky!

One wishes one knew the name and face of the Pharaoh, his host, who was so kind and magnanimous to him.

It is believed by many scholars that Abraham visited Egypt towards the close of a very brilliant time, somewhat later than the great XIIIth dynasty. Look around you in the *Northern Gallery* on the ground floor. You will notice how many kings there are whose names are Amen-em-hat and Usertsen, and their century is given as the twenty-fourth. They were not only famous warriors, but wise rulers and builders. The third Amen-em-hat engineered the great lake called afterwards Moeris, in the Fayoum, the lotus-bud we drew for the Nile-lily. He connected it with the river by a canal

piercing the hills which was fitted with sluice-gates, so that the surplus waters of the inundation could be stored there for use if needed. Herodotus describes the lake and the great building on its shores, which he thought even more wonderful than the Pyramids.

Tablets and statues of the servants of these great Pharaohs of the twenty-fourth and twenty-third centuries B.C. stand all round them in the *Northern Gallery*. One can well understand that officials of every kind would be needed to help in the government of the kingdom and to superintend the great works.

The tombs of this time are particularly interesting, especially those cut out of the living rock. There is a photograph of one at Beni-hasan on the stand. Do those straight, plain columns remind you of some that you have already seen in a country the other side of the great sea? If not, refresh your memory with a glance at the model of the Parthenon and at the great Doric capital of that temple, which comes from so many centuries later, and is believed to reproduce traces of this very early proto, or first, Doric style.

On the walls of these rock-tombs are most interesting pictures of the life and customs of the times of the Usertsens and Amen-em-hats. Look at the one near the end of the *Northern Gallery* from Al-Barsha showing the funeral procession of Tehuti-hetep. There are his servants carrying his litter on poles, and various other things the great man used in life, and is supposed to need in the underworld.

A very faithful friend follows—on four feet; his name is written above his collar; look closely, there is the sign of life you know so well, called "ankh," and a bird which stands for "u." Whether Ankh-u would have pricked up those sharp ears of his if we thus pronounced his name in calling him is another matter. For no one now knows how the Egyptian language was sounded; the lips of the last who spoke it have been still for centuries.

Next to it, from the same tomb, comes the picture of the peasants sowing corn—can you use your left hand so deftly? Another is ploughing, the patient cattle looking out from the corner. The hoe in the hands of one of the labourers is of the same pattern as those in the cases upstairs, and this scene, as well as the pictures of much later times that we know already, of the inspection of geese and cattle, brings vividly to our minds the farming that has been going on in Egypt for thousands of years in much the same fashion from generation to generation. The millions of workers who, through the ages,

raised the great monuments, attended to the embankments, made the canals and kept them in order, and laboured from sunrise to sunset in the fertile fields, all had mouths which must be fed with bread of some kind; fruitful Egypt, too, seemed generally to have enough to spare for a starving neighbour. On other tomb-walls about this date we see pictures of travellers from beyond the Bridge of Nations, led by their chiefs, bringing presents of various things valued by the Egyptians. The children of the party ride on asses, and all have bright and many coloured clothes. Generally these visitors came like Abraham, on account of famine, but so many stayed that at last much of the Delta lands was occupied by them, which fact made it easier later on for great hordes of their kindred folk to pour into Egypt and master it for a while; these were the Hyksos kings, in whose time we place Joseph's eventful and brilliant career and the settlement of his family in Egypt.

But we have not yet done with the tombs of the XIth and XIIth dynasties. In the *First Egyptian Room* are two huge outer coffins from Al-Barsha. One was made for Sen, an overseer of the palace of the king, the other for another high official called Kuatép. The ornamentations are much the same on both, and in the rows of large blue-green hieroglyphs, which form panels as it were, we can easily recognize those we already know. They contain prayers for a happy burial, and for abundance of funeral offerings. The two eyes of Horus, U'tchats, stand out distinct, to give eternal protection to the deceased by the sky-god. Inside the coffins are painted chapters of early copies of the Book of the Dead.

The inner coffins of Sen and Kuatép which fitted into these are close by, and are beautifully painted in much the same fashion, both inside and out. Further, in the *Fourth Room*, amongst other treasures you can find some of the funeral furniture belonging to Kuatép; the beautiful ivory head-rest and the funeral boat will make good illustrations for the period. There are wooden statues of officials like Kuatép. Close by, too, you will find the scarab and cylinder seals with the names of Usertsen and Amen-em-hat, also some vases from the fine collection in the wall-cases, to illustrate the shapes used from the twenty-sixth to the twentieth centuries B.C. One of the vases has part of a linen cover. In the *Fifth Room* are the models of labourers' houses; you can find two or three of two stories, and a hut, in which to imagine those sowers and ploughmen in the models

over slowly the leaves of your book, backwards from the Birth of Christ, past the years of the Ptolemies in Egypt, and the beautiful times in Greece; past the age of the great Pharaohs, Seti and Rameses; past the days of the Amen-em-hats and Usertsens, and then pause for a while about the thirty-seventh century page.

Have you ever imagined yourself climbing up a pyramid? The smooth outer casing stones are mostly gone—you have seen a few of these in the *Vestibule*—or it would be an even more difficult task than it is now, as the rough blocks give some foothold to the scrambler. Two Arabs in flying white garments seize you by the arms, and push and pull you up the extra steep places, chattering in French and English whenever you stop to rest a moment, till at last you arrive, breathless, at the top where the point is now worn down to a platform large enough for several persons to stand and look down over the green and gold country below, over the wide river and the chain of smaller pyramids.

Travellers can also be taken along the steep smooth passages that lead to the burial chambers, and a stifling, fearsome experience it is, to be in the heart of the huge mass, far away from the light of the sun, built, it is believed, solely to keep in safety the mummy laid to rest in it with such pomp and ceremony, with so many valuables of all kinds.

And who were the chief pyramid builders, you ask. The Great Pyramid higher than St. Paul's, with a base as large as Lincoln's Inn Fields, is believed to be the work of Khu-fu, of the IVth dynasty. You will remember his name, so easily copied (two birds, a slug, and a shaded circle) on the lists of kings we have so often looked at on the walls, and in the cases of scarabs. We can find it again in the *Vestibule* on the east of the tomb of Khu-fu-ankh, one of his high officials; he was a priest and "Clerk of the Works"; on its sides are prayers and names of many festivals. What a vision the words "Clerk of the Works" brings before us! Think of the busy scene caused by the building of a large church or new street, and then see in fancy the enormous numbers of men needed to get the huge blocks (floated on long rafts down the Nile) into place, the array of task-masters and higher officials, organizing and urging on the workers, while perhaps the Pharaoh himself and his family might be seated in state watching the progress of the desire of his heart.

The builder of the Second Pyramid was Kha-f-ra, whose name

we can also easily distinguish in the lists of kings ; but we can do more than this ; we can stand before the cast of his lifelike statue in the *Vestibule* and feel that we, too, are having an audience with the great Pharaoh, as did those who came into his presence so many centuries ago to give reports of his buildings and of the government of the country.

Look well at his speaking face, at his easily posed figure ; notice the folds of his linen head-dress, the sacred serpent fixed in front ; and the sort of kilt that he wears, allowing free display of the limbs so finely modelled. You must examine, too, the throne on which he sits, the arms ornamented with lions' heads, and on the sides a beautiful design, which you will like to copy, of the papyrus and lotus plants of Upper and Lower Egypt, knotted round the hieroglyph of union, emblematic of the joining together of the North and South kingdoms. You will find many variations of this subject on the monuments, and they help to explain the meaning of the expressions, double house, double kingdom, double crown.

Part of the tomb of Teta, the overseer of the pyramid of Kha-f-ra, is almost within touch of the great king's hand, and all round in the little *Vestibule* and just inside the *North Gallery* are memorials of the royal kinsmen and scribes and other important persons who peopled the courts in that great and far-off time. You cannot pass without smiling at that short, fat, good-natured looking man, standing just as he did in life in the times of the Vth dynasty to inspect his farms and staff. His keen eyes (those of the original statue are made with black crystal pupils, with a gleaming silver point to show the light) are almost too real, and would no doubt have soon detected any neglect or cheating. A wonderful thing about this statue—remember it must be at least five or six thousand years old—is that when it was raised from the dust and rubbish in which it had long lain, the Arab diggers cried out, " The Sheik of the village ! " So like is this old farmer man to the modern Egyptian of his class.

To find the builder of the Third Pyramid, we must mount the North-West staircase and stand by the case in the *First Room* which contains what are believed to be the remains of the battered coffin and inummy of Men-kau-ra. These remains were found in the Third Pyramid and were wrecked at sea on the voyage to England ; what lies before us is all that was recovered of the " just and merciful " king and his coffin.

Herodotus tells us that he gave liberty to the people ; let us hope the " Father of History " is correct, but we must remember he visited Egypt more than three thousand years after the body of Men-kau-ra was hidden away, and the words were painted on the coffin which we can still read : " Thy mother Nut stretches herself over thee in her name of the vault of heaven ; she granteth that thou mayest exist as a God by destroying all thine enemies, O King of the North and South, Men-kau-ra, living for ever."

These words come from a copy of the Book of the Dead, which was already very ancient when Men-kau-ra ruled over Egypt.

We must look again at the scarabs, and read the names, Khu-fu, Kha-f-ra, Men-kau-ra and many others made up of Ka, neb, nefer, ra, all of the times of the great pyramid builders.

Their beautiful alabaster and stone vases are in the *Fourth Room* : especially interesting is the handsome funeral stand of a priest and libationer of Khu-fu ; you can easily distinguish the figure with a vase overhead, out of which the libation seems to be pouring of itself. Look up too the complete set of beautiful alabaster vessels of the " chief reader," Atena ; his head-rest and green stone bowl and slab for holding paint or ointment—seven kinds—would make fine illustrations for the thirty-third or thirty-second centuries, also the bronze models of tools found in the same tomb.

Many of the amulets worn in life or laid on the mummy for the sake of magical protection, also date from these early times and will make good illustrations for the empty pages. As you copy them, think of the prayers which were written on them or recited over them, and the comfort the mourners felt in the belief that the dear dead were thereby kept safely. The Buckle of Isis protected them from every form of evil ; the Serpent's Head kept them from being bitten by snakes in the underworld ; the two Plumes were to make them enjoy light and air ; the Cartouche was to make sure that their names would not be blotted out ; the Pillow was to prevent their heads being carried away ; the Papyrus Sceptre was to help them to regain the youth and vigour they had lost. Do not overlook the Two Fingers ; you might sketch them in the thirty-fourth century to remind you of King Pepi I, of whom it is written " that he hath gone quickly into heaven by means of the Two Fingers of the God of the ladder." It was Horus who is said to have stretched



Head of a Colossal Statue of Thothmes III.  
King of Egypt. Karnak—page 11.



Upper portion of a Statue of Ramesses II.  
page 12



Case of a stone seated figure of Khafre,  
King of Egypt and brother of the Great  
Pyramid of Giza. Originated in the Cairo  
Museum. page 13

out his two fingers to help his father up the ladder from earth to heaven.

And now, after examining the earliest of the portrait statues, shall we turn back some eight centuries before Khn-fu to the forty-fifth century, and here write the name of Menes, called the first historical king of Egypt, the first king of the North and South. There is reason to believe he may have lived many centuries earlier. His cartouche in the lists and on the scarabs is a simple one to draw ; it is said that he built a huge dam across the Nile to divert the stream so as to make a better and safer position for his new capital, Memphis.

Year by year more discoveries are being made about these first dynasty kings and *what went before*, for even in the time of Menes, forty or fifty centuries B.C., we have not yet reached the "Very Beginnings." In the *Sixth Room* are pictures of a king named Narmer, killing and then inspecting his enemies ; his sandal bearer is an interesting person, named Ur-hen ; you can match the sandals he is carrying in the cases you have already seen. There are also very animated companies of most curious looking monsters ; do not miss the one standing up like a man, with a very long "front-tail," as well as a back one. Some of these will be most attractive in the prehistoric pages of your book, as well as the sketches of boats and animals on a vase ; the animals might have been drawn from any Noah's Ark, in any nursery of the twentieth century A.D.

No doubt, every time that you have been into the *First Room*, you have wondered at the Prehistoric Man\* in his model grave opposite Men-kau-ra. We have at last reached his times. For long centuries, even before the age of Menes, he lay undisturbed in his cramped sandy grave, covered over securely by large boulders. He and his people evidently believed there was a Life to follow the short one he had led by the banks of the Nile, for see the stone implements for his use and the simple pots which still hold the dust of funeral offerings.

Can you feel any kinship with this very old elder brother with fair skin and light hair, tapering fingers unused to hard work, lying there in hope of a rising again ? He lay like that on the edge of the

\* [As this goes to press there is being exhibited in London, amongst other recent finds by Prof. Flinders Petrie, the body of a girl of the late Prehistoric Period, about 6000 B.C., in the attitude of sleep. The body was not mummified but was naturally dried up.—ED.]



desert, all through the centuries during which we have watched the multitudes of rich and poor passing up and down the long narrow country, farming and building, sorrowing and rejoicing, just as real human beings as we are ourselves, with just the same wishes and difficulties and feelings.

But perhaps you will say—"We have seen the children's toys and dolls, the shoes they wore, the mirrors that reflected their faces, the furniture of their houses, the belongings of their parents, but the portraits in stone and in the pictures are so stiff, so unreal, we cannot imagine the people alive and warm and speaking."

There is much truth in this, the Egyptian sculptures are for the most part stiff and expressionless, while those light-as-air sea maidens of the Nereid Monument (just behind Rameses II) might well be your partners in the dance; the sad mother Demeter makes you wish to tread softly lest you disturb her grief; you can make friends with the Tanagra maidens. There are many explanations given to account for this difference; one is this, that the Greeks looked upon their models as a whole, as they saw them, and reproducing their impressions made their spirit live in marble. The Egyptians worked on each detail of feature and limb by itself and then put them together as certain rules and customs dictated. Look for instance at any of the profiles in sculpture or painting, and notice how the eye is drawn as an eye, full front, and then put into the face already made up in profile of nose, mouth and chin, regardless of how it looked. So too with the feet and legs, one stiffly before the other; they are drawn as legs and arranged on the completed body according to rule, but not to walk with.

Sometimes the artists flung away the bands that fettered their powers and studied nature instead of following what was considered a correct and reverent expression of it, and then we get speaking likenesses like those in the *Vestibule*, and living action on the pictured walls of the tombs. It is difficult for us to understand and enter into the feelings of the Egyptians in this matter; there was the intense reverence for religion and the gods, and the belief that the Pharaoh was one with the gods and could do no wrong. A large part of the artists' work was portraits of the gods and kings, for which the priests laid down certain rules of style to express their solemn and unapproachable nature. It would have seemed too familiar, indeed, irreverent, to use any easy everyday methods, and

so arose this holding back, this keeping to old ways which cramped the art of the Nile for thousands of years. So do not be discouraged by the Egyptian stiffness, but try to feel that the man, woman, child, animal, are really there behind a sort of veil ; and when you go to Egypt, you can see labourers in the fields and in the villages, with such a strong family likeness to their far-away ancestors, that as you watch them use their limbs in active work or gaze with interest around them, you will almost feel as if the stiff and expressionless faces and forms here before us in stone and fresco had come to life again.

Perhaps you have noticed in turning over the leaves of your notebook that we have made no entries during the thousand years or so between the Exodus and the visit of Herodotus. Shall we now try to bridge over these years ? On the whole, it was a sad time in which Egypt was steadily declining and becoming less prosperous and happy, though here and there we shall find great names that shine out in the gathering darkness.

Rameses III did his best in the thirteenth century to keep up the glory of his great namesake ; his face looks a strong one in the photograph of his mummy in the *Second Room*, and his prowess shown on the walls of his great temple (see the photograph stand) might well make the nations round " tremble as the mountain goats before a bull who stamps with his foot, strikes with his horns and makes the mountains shake as he rushes on whatever opposes him ! " He had a gentler side, too ; one likes to hear that " over the whole land of Egypt he planted trees and shrubs to give the inhabitants rest under their cool shade."

We have often noticed how prominent were the priests of Egypt, how great and rich were the temples of the gods they served ; at last the day came when the high-priest passed from being next in power to the king to be king himself, and a dynasty of priest-kings followed. The mummies and coffins of the priests, priestesses, doorkeepers, incense bearers, prophets, scribes, give us some idea of the importance of a great religious college. The coffin cases are generally beautifully painted, and amongst the faces on them we can figure to ourselves that some are portraits, as that of the priestess Katebet ; notice the breastplate, scarab, Ushabtiu figure on her mummy, and also that of the incense bearer, Hu-en-amen with the inlaid eyes. You will recognize many of the paintings of gods and scenes from the Book of the Dead.

In the case of blue glaze which is one of the glories of the Museum in colour, you will find a few Uchabtiu figures of the families of these kings; perhaps Solomon's Egyptian wife was the daughter of a priest-king.

Later from a dynasty of foreigners, a man of action stands out; the Bible calls him Shi-hak—you remember him as the friend of Jeroboam? He entered Jeru-salem and stripped the beautiful new temple—so like in plan and construction to those by the Nile—of its treasures. We can find a gold ring with his name in the *Fourth Room*, and also a pair of black lion-headed goblets in the *South Gallery*. Reminders of his son Osorkon are close by; he was not the only king of Egypt who cut his own cartouches on other people's work. Of these times when the kingdom was breaking up into petty states we have no important remains, nothing flourished, the outlook became darker and more and more hopeless, till at last in the eighth century during the rule of another dynasty of foreigners, the Ethiopians, the storm burst. The great kings whose names and forms we shall get to know quite well in the Assyrian galleries, now attacked Egypt on her own frontier and led vast armies from the land between the rivers over the prostrate Syria towards the Bridge of Nations. One tragedy of the times you know already, the mysterious destruction of Sennacherib's army at a most critical moment. Later his son overran Egypt from the mouth of the Nile to the Island of Phile many times in a few years; no rest then under the shady trees; the harvests were spoiled, the people starving and fighting and being carried away captive. Temples and cities and old monuments were ruined and allowed to fall into decay.

It is the conquerors who tell us all this, as they relate their dreadful deeds with pride and describe the articles they carried away. We can find some like them in the *Third* and *Fourth Rooms*. That "roll of fine linen," for instance, inscribed with King Pianki's name; those "alabaster jars and vases," one bears the name of Shabaka; those "statues of the gods," those "gold and silver, turquoise and ivory treasures of centuries," which lie here in numbers before our eyes, all represent the spoils of the Assyrian conquerors.

Egypt revived for a little under the kings who made Sais their capital, especially the two Psamthecks and Nekau, and we have several examples of the fine and delicate work of this time; notice the draughtsmen of Nekau in the *Toy Case*. But in spite of all

efforts and the help from Greek soldiers, the country was ravaged again from end to end and had to submit to the Eastern empire till that too fell under the new great power that arose in Asia—the Persians. In the *Southern Gallery* there is a cast of the tomb of a queen of Egypt of these bitter times ; her body was burnt by the mad Persian king, who turned the religion of the country into cruel ridicule and did much to make the rule of his countrymen hated in the land. The Egyptians thought it a good opportunity to revolt when the news came of Marathon ; it was between the second and third revolts that Herodotus saw Egypt, saw the mighty Nile, the battlefields, the great monuments, in his quest for information to set down in his history of the Persian Wars.

And now will you slowly go round the galleries many times more, and as you mark off the names of the “ Sons of the Sun ” that you know (it is not always easy to hear and remember names at the moment of introduction, is it ?) look again at the treasures that hail from their times, and recall as you go the pictures which they suggested. Will the favourite one be this ? A widely flowing river, by whose brink a woman's figure stands out against the sky, as she gazes with tear-filled eyes at a little cradle of lotus flowers, hidden amongst the water reeds. Or if that is too sad, you will perhaps choose to see the procession of the richly dressed princess who leans from her fine carrying chair, surrounded by her bearers and her maidens, to look at the babe held up to her in his bed that really *was* a little boat. Or again, is it the fresh scent of the lotus flower held by the guests at the gay parties, that comes to you across the centuries ? Or from further back still, do you catch the soft patter of Ankhu's feet ?

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION

*The Morning Lands of History*, by Price Hughes.

Eber's *Egypt*.

*Manners and Customs of Ancient Egyptians*, by Wilkinson.

Guide Books (see Chapter VII).

## CHAPTER X

### BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA

#### "FROM UNDER THE DUST OF AGES"

WE have already stopped many times, to look in wonder at the huge man-headed bulls and lions on our way to the Egyptian and Greek galleries. We have compared and contrasted them with the other monsters of our acquaintance, the Egyptian Sphinx, the Greek Centaur. The number of their legs—those legs that show the great treading-down power of the bull or lion—has puzzled us till we understood that the sculpture is a sort of double relief which had to look well from both side and front, and so a fifth was added for appearance's sake. The rows and rows of near flat curls add also to the effect, as well as the well-tied sash round the strong-looking body. The great eagles' wings suggest swiftness that cannot be tired, and towering high above us is the head which endows the monster with the intelligence and wisdom of a man. These man-headed monsters once stood at the gateways which led into the royal palaces of Assyria, and were looked upon as the "guardians of the footsteps of the kings who made them."

Before seeking out the story of these footsteps and of much else that came before and after, all told in vivid language and pictures on the remains in the *Assyrian and Babylonian Rooms* in the British and other Museums, let us first look well at the maps in the *Nimroud Gallery*, close to the bulls.

There is the Bridge of Nations in the south-west corner, leading from the country of one great river towards the countries of two mighty streams, the Euphrates and the Tigris. Trace their courses from the mountains in the north, noticing how far westwards the Euphrates flows in its journey to the Persian Gulf. As you see, Babylonia, with its capital, Babylon on the Euphrates, lies nearest to the head of the Gulf, and Assyria with its capital, Nineveh on the Tigris, lies further north.

Babylonia was the older kingdom, which sent out colonies up the

two great rivers to found cities and states. Later, these became not only independent under one king, but strong enough to conquer the mother country.

Next let us glance at the names of some of the neighbours of these countries on the two rivers. Beginning on the east side there is Persia, Elam, Media ; to the west are the countries of the Hittites, the Syrians and the Canaanites, part of whose land was conquered by the Israelites when they came out of Egypt. The map shows us further, that a great wedge of desert pushes up between the Euphrates and the strip of sea-board countries near the Mediterranean. This wedge of desert kept the nations on the banks of the Nile and those on the Euphrates and Tigris apart for many centuries. Armies could not pass by a direct way from one to the other, but had to travel by two sides of a triangle and to force the key of the route where the desert was narrowest about Karkemish, the capital of the Hittites, and so reach the upper waters of the Euphrates.

As you think over this you will understand what is meant when these countries lying in the highway that connected the great powers are called " buffer states " ; all through the years of conflict these buffer states were the scene of perpetual war ; now conquered first by Egypt, then by Assyria ; now rebelling, now in league one against another.

The Bible history of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel relates a good deal of all this, and on Egyptian monuments are found accounts of wars with these nations of Western Asia. We have already seen that these Egyptian accounts could not be read till the key was found to unlock the mysteries of the hieroglyphic writing, and this so lately as last century. The monuments themselves, however, to a great extent, have stood on the banks of the Nile for thousands of years in the brilliant sunshine for all to see. How different has been the case with the countries in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris ! They are mentioned in the Bible, and old travellers and historians have left scattered notices of them through the centuries—here and there—but the cities and their contents were no longer to be seen ; only the echoes of the story of their wonder and greatness survived.

Now if you travel in those countries to-day, what will strike your eye most ? The great mounds—rising to varying heights

above the dreary sandy plains in the south, as well as in the more hilly country of the north. Sometimes villages are built on these mounds, sometimes crops are raised on their tops, sometimes they are gay with wild flowers. It was only last century that people began in earnest to seek to find out what those mounds were, and what they contained. Do you guess? The mounds—you can see some fine models of them at the Louvre—are the graves in which the cities, temples, palaces of Babylonia and Assyria have been buried and forgotten for some two thousand years. Can you fancy the excitement of the first explorers as the "dust of ages" was laboriously cleared away from the ruins that lay beneath? When the head of the winged bull emerged, the Arab diggers were terror-struck and fled to their village, thinking some dreadful monster had been aroused to make an end of them; later they came to the conclusion that the English were taking it home for "their queen and the rest of the unbelievers" to worship!

It is not easy to understand how a country once thickly peopled and dotted over with flourishing cities, two of them believed to have been larger than London, could become so desolate and forgotten. To begin with, much of the building was set on great platforms of bricks and earth, so as to be out of reach of the river floods. Then the buildings themselves were chiefly made of sun-dried bricks, which would easily turn back again into the clay of which they were made, and the roofs were supported on wooden beams and pillars. So when the conquerors set fire to the doomed city, the roofs and brick walls fell in, and the heavy rains, season after season, gradually covered all up with mud and clay. As to the inhabitants, many were killed or taken prisoners or settled elsewhere, and as wave after wave of newcomers passed over the land, each knew less and less of its once powerful owners in the centuries that were gone. Now let us glance round to see the sort of remains that have come to us from the mounds.

Besides the "guardians of the path of the king," we have the sculptured slabs which once lined the walls of their palaces, set out in the *Nimroud Gallery*, so called from the mound of Nimroud, the site of the ancient city of Calah, about twenty miles south of Nineveh. Many more of these slabs are to be seen in the *Assyrian Saloon* and also in the *Nineveh Gallery*, from the mound of Kou-yun-jik, part of the ancient site of Nineveh itself.

Besides these "pictures" there are numberless little clay tablets, like cakes of soap, in the *Babylonian and Assyrian Rooms* upstairs. Some are oblong, some round, all are covered with writing, as are also the barrel-shaped and many-sided large cylinders in the upper rooms. Here you will also find a large collection of cylinder seals, like long stone beads—you will remember similar ones amongst the Egyptian treasures—which were generally used to make an impression on the soft clay of the tablets. Round the walls are all sorts of stone and clay objects, as well as a few larger statues and memorials, standing out in the rooms.

Perhaps you are thinking these are not nearly so interesting as the mummies and personal belongings of the Egyptians; but wait a moment! A scratched stone in a Highland glen may not seem very interesting, till the wondrous story of the ice age shows us the plough which made the scratches. A chipped flint looks dull enough till we can imagine it back in the hands of the man who made and used it. So, from the stiff and often confused looking illustrations on the slabs and cylinder seals; from the writing on clay tablets and cylinders, that looks so much like random digs, or at best, unending combinations of arrow-headed or wedge-shaped lines, we can gather a glowing story full of unexpected wonders.

The story is a long one, as long as that of Egypt, and it will lead us into the very presence of great kings whose names and deeds are already known to us. Visions of centuries of prosperous farming and great wealth will pass before our eyes, as well as those of the desolation of war and the excitement of the hunt.

The contents of great libraries, too, are open to our gaze, safe in the cases, though the shelves that once held them and the walls of their original home have been lying in ashes for thousands of years.

Now when the mounds were first explored, the writing to be found on the newly-found monsters, slabs, cylinders and tablets was still a mystery, though many scholars had been earnestly at work for years trying to unravel it from various inscriptions that had been found in the countries round.

In a wall-case in the *Babylonian Room* are not only casts of many of these inscriptions, but specimens of the paper squeezes—they look like the raised writing for the blind—made from a very important inscription in three languages, which could not be carried away from the spot like the Rosetta Stone, because it is cut high up on a



great rock at Behistun in Persia. When the dauntless traveller and scholar arrived at the Rock to get his copy, he found his ladders were too short; so he had himself lowered by a rope from the top. Then followed months and months of hard patient study. No one knew even one of the three languages, as had been the case with the Rosetta Stone, only others like one of them and derived from the same stock. Success came at last, and now it is possible to get grammar and dictionary, and set to work to study and read cuneiform or wedge-shaped writing and so receive the message across the centuries left on the clay and stone, as the old king said, "for future ages, for all time."

In the beginning this writing was a series of pictures, like the Egyptian hieroglyphs; the earliest signs, for instance, for a fork, an arrow, a comb, a bird, a fish, are easily distinguishable. This was the invention of the old inhabitants of the land between the rivers called Sumerians and Akkadians before the Babylonians settled there, and as time went on the writing gradually became more stiff and wedge-like and was used to express the language not only of the Babylonians and Assyrians, but of nearly all their neighbours from Syria on the west to Persia on the east, just as Roman letters are now used nearly all over Europe.

For a long time when the Babylonians had settled down amongst the older inhabitants the languages were spoken side by side, as French and Flemish are in Belgium now. When this ceased, about 2000 B.C., the memory of the older tongues was kept up in the literature of the country, more or less till the end of its history, much as we use Latin and Greek now. Hence in the cases of tablets you will find constant reference made to the Sumerian and Akkadian languages, with translations into Babylonian and Assyrian, and many "spelling books," "grammars" and "dictionaries," for those who had to learn the dead languages. The men with shaved heads in the sculptures are of the older race. There is a most quaint Sumerian person of high rank with folded hands in the upper room—the Babylonians and Assyrians were famous (like the bulls) for fine beards and heads of hair.

The gods of the Sumerians were also kept in memory through the ages, such as Ishtar, the great giver of victory in war, the sun and moon gods and those of the earth, sky and sea.

Some of the very earliest of the Babylonian relics in this room

are the stone sockets, in which the pivot of the gates turned, also memorial tablets belonging to the governors or kings of the states which later were united under one ruler. You will notice how different the inscription writing on these is from that on the Rock of Behistun, chiselled out some 4,000 years later. A few of them are dated 4500 B.C., about which time some place the first historical king of Egypt, though many think he was at least a thousand years earlier. One of them dated 2500 has on it the name of a king of Ur, which name at once brings to mind the calling of Abraham from this very city, Ur of the Chaldees, where he lived with his family. The bricks inscribed with the name of this king come from the temples he built to the sun and moon gods. Numerous other bricks of this and later date, record much building of temples as well as restorations of older ones, also the cutting of a great canal. We are hereby reminded that the making of bricks, where stone was scarce and the best clay very plentiful, was one of the chief industries in a country of great builders. A flood of light is cast upon the life of the times which may have been near those of Abraham by the clay tablets in the table-cases. Fortunately for later generations, these have been practically indestructible; they are the letters, annals, business documents, as well as what we call books, all written on finely prepared clay, when moist, with a three-edged stylus, and then hardened by heat of sun or fire. Many of the tablets are still almost perfect in spite of occasional dampness, the destruction of the cities and temples by fire, and the long burial in the mounds.

Examine the labels slowly. There are deeds relating to buying, selling and letting house property, gardens, fields and plantations; others which show how slaves were bought or hired; how children were adopted; how money was borrowed. Many letters from kings to their officials refer to the making and cleaning of the canals which crossed the country between the rivers, storing water to use on the land and making it so fertile that it produced two crops a year, "the land of the double Spring-time," and became a great corn-growing country and very rich. Many orders refer to sending stores of all kinds to Babylon, clothes to wear, dates, oil, and other necessities. There is a very interesting one from the great king Khammurabi, whose name you might enter in the twenty-second century. There are many of his tablets on view, but this particular one gives directions about felling trees to use in smelting metal.

Other tablets deal with the protection of fishing rights, of arrangements for the transport of sheep and lambs, and for the shearing. Another gives orders for sending images of the gods and goddesses from one place to another. As one reads on, one is carried back right into the old life, its bustle and worries are so real. One feels almost breathless as one realizes how much it all mattered—four thousand years ago—how they had to rush about, clean out canals in three days, find extra shepherds in great haste for the shearing; travel night and day to obey the king's behest; and on all sides were the agitations of gaining and losing money, of going to law, and the ever present terror of offending the great king.

The circular tablets are chiefly lists of fields and estates with their measurements. Very often the boundaries of these fields became changed from the flooding of the rivers. There are many interesting boundary stones in the wall-cases of different periods. The large square tablets are chiefly accounts concerning wages—for men, women and children—also particulars about grain and wool for purposes of the revenue. All this commerce must needs have been carried on by many people, whose relations to each other had to be settled by good laws—Khammurabi was the great law-giver; it is said of him that he “established the heart of the country in righteousness.” Look well at the cast of the pillar on which his great code of laws—the oldest in the world, some say—is inscribed. There is his portrait on the top receiving the laws from the sun god. He set up the original of this pillar in Babylon, and copies of it in other cities, so that if anyone felt aggrieved at any loss or bad treatment, he could go and find out the law bearing on his case.

But Khammurabi's pillar was not found in Babylon, but in Susa, one of the most ancient cities of Elam and Persia. It was an Elamite king who carried it there about a thousand years after Khammurabi had set it up. He stored it in his “Museum,” where he exhibited other treasures from Babylonia. You will be interested to notice the space he had cleared at the bottom, by erasing several sections of the code. Here he meant to engrave his own name and great deeds, as he has done on five other defaced monuments.

We will now turn over several century pages of our notebook during which trade and agriculture flourished and the population grew larger, and colonies were constantly going out from Babylonia northwards, till in the eighteenth century we can write “Assyria

became a separate kingdom." During the centuries which followed, the kings of Egypt were gradually getting more and more power over the nations that dwelt about the high road to Assyria. Thothmes III—you have his name in the seventeenth century, he who set up Cleopatra's Needle—was one of them, also the manly queen Hatshepsu, who sent her fleets to the land of Punt and who built a most magnificent temple.

In the fifteenth century we come to the names of two Egyptian kings, who not only exacted tribute from the "buffer states," but overran the country of the two rivers itself. Both these kings were called Amenophis; one the husband, the other the son, of a lady from Western Asia—Queen Thi. Amenophis III hunted lions very successfully in Mesopotamia, as you will remember is set forth in his large seal; a hundred and two lions killed by his own hand in ten years. Amenophis IV was so much influenced by his mother that he adopted the religion of her country and built a fine new city with a temple and a palace in which to carry it out, and changed his name from "the favourite of Amen" to that of "the splendour of the Sun's rays." You can imagine how angry all this made the powerful priests of Amen.

Now amongst the ruins of his city, not far from the old tombs at Beni-Hasan, were found numbers of letters and despatches in cuneiform writing, on the familiar clay tablets. These are to be seen, at least some of them, in a table-case in the *Assyrian Room*, headed Tell-el-Amarna tablets; this being the Arab name of a village close by.

These letters are from kings of Babylonia and Assyria, also from governors of various provinces, and give a graphic picture of the relations between the kings of Egypt and Western Asia in the fifteenth century B.C. Translations of many are to be seen in the case and are most interesting reading. Some refer to the sending of Mesopotamian princesses as wives for the Egyptian kings, and beg for an Egyptian princess in return. Then there is a great deal about gifts of all kinds, chariots, horses, much gold, also a gold and ivory throne, even a statue of a goddess. There is much complaint when equally handsome presents are not sent in return. Many of the despatches speak of rebellions and beg for troops and arms and corn for food. One governor says he is shut up "like a bird in a cage"; another, that he is "stricken with fear."

These tablets all show us how much coming and going there was at this time over the Bridge of Nations; a constant passing of couriers and scribes, presents and provisions, soldiers and bridal processions.

Ever since Assyria had become independent, there had been perpetual quarrels, chiefly about the boundaries of the two kingdoms. At last, soon after the beginning of the thirteenth century Assyria conquered Babylonia, and managed to remain the ruling power with occasional reverses for over six hundred years. The Assyrians were more energetic and better fighters than the Babylonians, who were very successful in commerce and agriculture, and as devoted to learning as the old Sumerians had been before them. We must remember that the climate of the hilly northern kingdom was more bracing than that of the low plain to the south between the slow winding rivers, which were often flooded.

Towards the end of the twelfth century you already have a note telling of the removal of the slab engraved with Khammurabi's code from Babylon to Susa. King David is believed to have lived about this time, and beside his name you can write that of Tiglath Pileser I, a mighty old Assyrian king, who tells us on his cylinders in the *Assyrian Room* of his prowess in war—the countries he conquered, the spoil he took, including images of the gods. There is a picture on a later relief showing a procession of captured gods, who look rather like Guy Fawkes aloft in his chair. Tiglath Pileser I was a great hunter, too: he specially mentions leopards; and when he visited the Phœnicians, the great sailors and traders of the old world, he even “mounted” a ship and went for an excursion on the Mediterranean. Unfortunately the name of the monster of the deep that he succeeded in killing is erased from the relief—perhaps it was a dolphin?

In one of the following centuries you might sketch the earliest known map of the world—such a small world! There is Babylon in the centre and the ocean round the edge; the two great rivers are also shown with the mountains at their source and the swamps at their mouth. In the same table-case as this clay map is part of a plan of Babylon, showing the position of the “great gate of the sun god,” also several chronicle tablets giving the names of Babylonian kings. The worship of the sun god is beautifully shown on the celebrated tablet from the Temple of Sippar. There is the god

himself seated on a throne in a shrine, holding symbols of eternity. Notice the palm trunk column before him and the disk of the sun, held up by ropes, and the priest leading the king to worship. It must have been a gorgeous temple with its gold and lapis lazuli, a fit setting for the fine garments of the priests. The tablet gives an account of the restoration of this ancient temple by a king of Babylon in the ninth century, just about the time when the daughter kingdom was entering the period of its greatest power and glory. It lasted for three hundred years, and during that time there are at least six or seven kings, whose names (rather difficult at first sight), whose bearded faces, whose "doughty deeds" will become perfectly familiar to us, as we look again and again at the relics from their times.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION

*Guide to the Babylonian and Assyrian Antiquities*, 1/-.

*Harnsworth's History of the World*, Parts I and IV, 7d. each (out of print).

## CHAPTER XI

### ASSYRIA

#### THE "FOOTSTEPS" OF SEVEN GREAT KINGS OF ASSYRIA

*DURING* the three hundred years when Assyria was at the height of its greatness about fifteen kings ruled one after the other at Nineveh. Of these there are seven well represented in the Museum, and most of the seven appear in the Bible story of the Jewish Monarchy.

Perhaps you would like to begin by writing the names of these seven kings in the century pages of your notebook. Our last entry was the sketch of the Babylonian king worshipping in the shrine of the sun god in the city of Sippar. This was near the beginning of the ninth century B.C. ASHUR-NAZIR-PAL was king of Assyria at this time. His son and successor was SHALMANESER II about the middle of the ninth century. A hundred years later arose the powerful king, TIGLATH PILESER, and in the last quarter of the eighth century, SARGON, "the son of no one," usurped the throne. His son SENNACHERIB followed at the end of the eighth century, and his reign and that of his son ESAR-HADDON and of his grandson ASHUR-BANI-PAL covered the seventh century.

Just inside the *Nimroud Gallery* is a relief showing a religious ceremony which was performed each year by the king in person, connected with the fertilizing of the date palm. Above the king presenting a sort of cone is a small figure in a winged circle; the small figure is that of a man finished off with feathers from the waist.

This is the emblem of the god Ashur, after whom the country was named, as well as so many of its kings.

Ashur-nazir-pal means Ashur protects his son; Esar-haddon means Ashur has given a brother; Ashur-bani-pal means Ashur creates a son. This god Ashur was looked upon as the father and chief of the gods and is often represented as hovering over the kings in battle, as giving them the victory and as demanding the punishment of the vanquished.



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NO UNCLASSIFIED DISSEM

SECRET



All round us in the *Nimroud Gallery* are the remains brought from the palace of Ashur-nazir-pal and the temple to the war god Adar. They were dug out of the mound of Nimroud, the grave of the ancient city of Calah, twenty miles south of Nineveh. Let us look first at the statue of Ashur-nazir-pal with his fine curled beard, his fringed robe hanging to his feet, of which only the toes show, straight to the front. You can distinguish an inscription on his breast ; it gives particulars of his names and titles. This is the only perfect royal Assyrian statue in the Museum. There are many other portraits in relief of this son of Ashur ; some are standing at ease, as on the slab that relates his most important conquests ; others show him on the march in mountainous country or passing over rivers with his army or receiving tribute. Do not miss the vivid picture of the soldiers swimming on inflated skins, the king's chariot is ferried over on a boat and the sensible horses are swimming behind. Like most of the Assyrian kings, Ashur-nazir-pal found his chief recreation in hunting, and we see him on the reliefs pouring libations to the gods over dead bulls and lions. The fish gods and eagle-headed divinities are fearsome objects, and must have looked more remarkable still in the days of Ashur-nazir-pal and his attendants, if we are right in believing the reliefs were all blazing with colour when they were new and fresh. It makes one think of our own blue dragons and red lions ! Can you imagine the stately procession as the great king passed by the guardians of his footsteps ? He could not have moved quickly in such stiff garments ; besides, as the umbrella and fly-flaps remind us, it was often hot. The musicians with the stringed instruments—did they sound like zithers ?—heralded the arrival in the court lined with these slabs before us. Some idea of the details of the palace may be gathered from the cases in the middle of the gallery. The bronze and iron objects are very interesting, such as the bells, the ornamental feet of a throne, the head of the ugly demon of the south-west wind, the hot dry wind that destroyed the crops and was so trying to health. Many of the ivory objects show relations with Egypt ; especially the sceptre we have seen so often in the hands of Osiris ; the cartouche of the " Rising Sun " ; the Egyptian ladies' heads amongst those that illustrate the fashions in Assyrian hair dressing.

Amongst the beautiful bronze repoussé bowls are some with very fine designs, and especially interesting is the one with hawk-headed

lions wearing Egyptian crowns. Those of later date remind us that the palace of Ashur-nazir-pal was not the only one at Calah. His son, Shalmaneser II, about the middle of the ninth century also built a palace there close to his father's. One wonders how he found time for building, for he was always at war, till at last he was master of nearly all western Asia.

Let us first look at his famous black obelisk in the *Nimroud Central Saloon*, close to the bull and lion from his father's palace. The pictures and writing inscribed by Shalmaneser on his obelisk give an account of the expeditions he made during his reign of thirty-one years. There are exciting pictures of the tribute brought by the conquered peoples in five rows of sculptures. Dromedaries, buffaloes, elephants, apes, horses, figure amongst the animals; gold, silver, lead, copper, ivory and fine garments amongst the treasures. It is the second row that interests us most, for here is shown the tribute of Jehu, king of Israel—bowls, dishes, cups and other vessels of gold.

Another king of Israel, Ahab, is mentioned as one of the allies of a king of Hamath, who had rebelled against Assyria, on the stele of Shalmaneser close by. On this is a figure of the king in relief. To find another most important work of Shalmaneser II we must go down to the *Assyrian Saloon* in the basement, where the famous metal coverings of the gates made in cedar or some other wood, are shown in a case by themselves. The bands are eight feet long by one foot wide and record the battles and conquests of the king who set them up. Amongst the most interesting are the pictures showing the march to the source of the Tigris, and the carving of the image of a king upon a rock. There are also scenes in the Assyrian camp, in one of which the soldiers seem to be amusing themselves with some game.

About a century later than Shalmaneser II lived the Tiglath Pileser, who is known in the Bible by his Babylonian name of Pul. He was one of the most warlike of the Assyrian kings, and recovered some of the ground lost by those who reigned just before him. There is an inscription inside the doorway leading to the basement, recording his conquests in what may be called cuneiform large hand; these characters are the largest known and are very easy to examine. Following on, are slabs showing the king standing with one foot on the neck of a prostrate foe; also his assault on a city, the gods of

which are being borne off in procession. Near the black obelisk of Shalmaneser II is a picturesque wall slab from the palace of Tiglath Pileser, showing the flocks and herds being driven off by the conquerors, and the women and children being taken away from the city in a cart. When Ahaz of Judah asked the Assyrian king to help him against his enemies, it ended in the Israelite tribes of Reuben and Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh, being carried away into captivity by the Assyrians.

At the end of this century, the Assyrian king Sargon came into actual conflict with the Egyptians, whom he defeated, after taking Samaria and sending its inhabitants to settle in another part of his empire. What heart-breaking trouble and pain this policy of transplanting conquered peoples must have given in those days. Torn from their country and all their belongings, whole bodies of exiles were settled in foreign lands amongst strangers. Many, no doubt, during the long and wearisome journey, were grieving for dear ones killed in terrible fighting, such as we shudder to look at on the slabs. The siege of Samaria lasted three years; think what that must have meant in the way of starvation and misery, followed by the fatigues of travel, lonely exile and the bitter thought that strangers, sent from other parts of the empire, were living in their old homes and cultivating their fields. The Israelites felt it perhaps more keenly than others, because they loved their own country so passionately, and most of them hated to be mixed up with people who worshipped many false gods instead of the one great Jehovah. "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion." The wailing dirge still echoes across the centuries.

Sargon was a great builder as well as warrior. His chief palace was at Khorsabad, a few miles north-west of Nineveh. Most of the sculptures of this king are at the Louvre, because the French explorers were first in the field at this place. The great man-headed bulls in the *Assyrian Transept* come from the gateways of Sargon's palace. You will notice the clearly-cut inscriptions upon them, which tell of his great deeds. His portrait on a slab close by shows him talking to his commander-in-chief.

In the *Assyrian Room* on the upper floor is a large cylinder inscribed with the history of Sargon's reign; it stands between the records of his predecessor Ashur-nazir-pal and those of his own famous son Sennacherib, so well known to us in Bible story. We

have already written his name at the end of the eighth century. For more than twenty strenuous years he fought in many campaigns, and not only built the grandest palace ever seen at Nineveh, but repaired the works of the kings who had gone before him.

The remains of the great palace of Sennacherib were dug out of the group of mounds, called by the modern Arab name, Kou-yun-jik—probably from the number of sheep feeding upon them. If you study the plan of the excavations in the *Nimroud Gallery*, you will see where Kou-yun-jik lies, also the shape of the city of Nineveh within its ancient walls, and how a tributary of the Tigris runs through it. You will notice another mound called Nebi Yunus, where the prophet Jonah is said to have been buried; there is a mosque built on the mound now. One of the palaces of Sennacherib lies buried in this mound, the other, as we have seen, in Kou-yun-jik.

We can examine many of the slabs from this palace in the *Nineveh Gallery*. On one side are the reliefs which show Sennacherib's work as a builder, and here we can see for ourselves how the great palaces were set up.

Notice first the making of the mound, used as a platform. There are files of men mounting with loads of stones, bricks, earth, which they fling down, and then hasten back with empty baskets to refill and bring up again. Taskmasters with sticks stand over every gang. As in Egypt, the cry ever is, "The stick is in my hand, be ye not idle!"

Next, disentangle from the crowds of workers, the long ropes by which a sledge is pulled along over rollers, with wedges of stone and a powerful lever worked by pulleys to ease its passage. What is that on the sledge? Nothing less than one of the great winged bulls being dragged towards the doorway it was henceforth to guard and adorn. He is only in the rough at present, having been so far shaped in the quarry from whence he has come by boat, just as the great blocks of marble and stone were brought down the Nile for the buildings on its banks. What a scene of hard labour, bustle, heat, oppression, it all brings before us! There are the pictures of the marshy country—how do we know it is marshy? Look out for the eels!—where the great blocks of stone are shown on rafts formed of the trunks of trees lashed together. There is the maze of workmen carrying saws and hatchets, rollers, coils of rope, all sorts of materials. One seems almost to feel the strain and desperate

tugging at the ropes by the captives and slaves under the lash of the overseers. There are numbers of soldiers, too, at hand to keep order and to act as a guard to the king, himself superintending from his car. Over his head runs the inscription—"Sennacherib, king of multitudes, king of Assyria, had the bull and colossi—divinities which had been made in the land of the Baladon, for the palace of his lordship, which is within Nineveh—set up with joy."

Notice the king's patterned cap, his tunic adorned with rosettes; also the pompous state in which his grand car is drawn along, and the fine umbrella with its trimmed draperies, the feathered fly-flaps and the maces; what a brilliant patch of colour the gorgeous chariot and bright clothing of the king and his surrounding courtiers must have been in the sunshine!

The want of perspective in the drawing of all these slabs makes them as difficult to understand as Chinese pictures, but persevere; try to make out the rivers and the marshes with the disturbed animals amongst the reeds—the nine little pigs, answering to their mother's grunting, are most lifelike. Look, too, at the rafts and boats, some like British coracles of wicker covered with skins, and at the men fishing. Try, as you gaze, to hear the babel of sound, the rumbling of the heavy sledge, the shouting of orders, the trampling of the weary workers all in the dust and heat—can you distinguish the man clapping his hands, and another blowing his horn as signals to "heave-ho" all together?

When Sir Henry Layard removed the great bulls from Nineveh some twenty-six centuries later he found that three hundred men were needed to pull the cart on which one was placed. Many and great were the difficulties to be overcome in bringing the monsters from the Tigris to the Thames!

Other slabs in the *Nineveh Gallery* show Sennacherib at war; storming fortresses, taking captives, receiving tribute. It is a relief to turn from these crowded pictures to those at the end of the gallery in which we watch a procession of beautifully kept horses, most likely on the road between the river and the royal stables. Look at their cropped manes with tuft in front, their tails tied up in a loop; many of them are unshod, the prancing one is full of life, and all look thoroughly intelligent and as if kindly treated.

There are some more sculptures of Sennacherib's time in the *Assyrian Saloon*, besides those of Tiglath Pileser or Pul, which show

the siege, assault and capture of the city of Lachish. The king is there on his throne, receiving the account of the siege from his officers. Above his head run the lines—"Sennacherib, king of hosts, king of Assyria, sat upon his throne of state, and the spoil of the city of Lachish passed before him." It was after this success that Sennacherib sent a threatening message to Hezekiah, king of Judah, by his officers, his Tartan and Rabshakeh, chief generals such as stand before him at Lachish. Two years before the Assyrian king had laid siege to Jerusalem, after taking many cities and captives, and Hezekiah was thankful to give him all the gold and silver he could take from the temple to purchase safety. Later encouraged by Egypt, Hezekiah refused the promised tribute, so Sennacherib had two to punish—Tirhakah of Egypt and the king of Judah. You know the tragic story which followed. Sennacherib, with his army flushed with victory at Lachish, was resting near the frontiers of Egypt. He was on the eve of a great battle with the Egyptians, after which he hoped to utterly crush Hezekiah. The battle was never fought, for a great disaster overtook the Assyrians in the night; some think it was a sudden attack of plague. The Bible says: "The Angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians 185,000 men." The remnant crept miserably home. The famous six-sided cylinder in the upper room, which contains nearly five hundred lines of close writing, tells of many of Sennacherib's expeditions. It is worth while to read the long description on the label, it gives an insight into the style of the court historians. Although many particulars of victories are given, and of splendid tribute, even of shutting up Hezekiah like a caged bird in Jerusalem, the mysterious loss of a fine army on the brink of further conquests is not mentioned.

There are several other cylinders that give the account of Sennacherib's wars and buildings.

Close to them are the cylinders of his son Esar or Ashur-haddon, describing conquests, expeditions, subjugations and other details of war, also the building of a new palace at Nineveh and the rebuilding of the great temple and the two walls of Babylon. You will remember that it was Esar-haddon who took Manasseh prisoner to Babylon, which at this time was well under the power of the Assyrians. One is glad to know that Esar-haddon let his prisoner go home again.

For the portrait of Esar-haddon we must return to the *Nineveh Gallery*, where there is a cast from a bas-relief cut in the rock in Syria, close to the pass near Beyrout on the ancient highway of the nations. Rameses II left three tablets on this rock in the fourteenth century, when he passed that way; Tiglath Pileser, Shalmaneser, Sennacherib, also "cut their names" there to tell of their presence so far from home. You will notice on Esar-haddon's relief the royal cap and the group of sacred symbols on a level with his head, amongst them the circle of Ashur without the feathered man.

Esar-haddon was the third of the kings whose palaces were found buried in the ruins of Calah—in the mound Nimroud. You will remember that the others were Ashur-nazir-pal and Shalmaneser. Another splendid palace built by Esar-haddon still lies buried at Nineveh, under the mound called after the prophet Jonah.

The two great nations, the one on the banks of the Nile and the other on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, came to very close quarters in this reign. Esar-haddon conquered the Delta lands, and later when Tirhakah revolted, one of the first things his son and successor had to do was to restore the Assyrian power in Egypt. It is sad to think of the industrious and prosperous valley of the Nile brought so low. Cities and temples were plundered, the crops trampled down and the people lived in misery and want as the terrors of war raged round them.

Ashur-bani-pal reigned for forty years in the latter half of the seventh century, during which time Assyria rose to its greatest height of power. All round the compass the generals pushed their conquests. The slabs in the *Nineveh Gallery* show the terrible methods of warfare in the case of the Elamites. Ashur-bani-pal winds up the account of the victory with these words—"With the cut-off head of Te-umman (the leader of the Elamites) the road to Arbela I took with joy." In perhaps the only domestic scene in all the sculptures, Ashur-bani-pal is shown reclining on a couch in Eastern fashion in the palace garden, drinking wine with his queen, who sits on a high throne-chair with a footstool. The head of Te-umman hangs on one of the trees close by! There are many other slabs in the *Assyrian Saloon* that illustrate the life of the last great kings of Assyria. Look at those showing wars against the Arabians, Egyptians, Babylonians. The camp scenes are very

lifelike, especially that one of the horses drinking. Children do not often come into pictures on the slabs, but you can find one drinking from a skin of water, another riding on a man's shoulder, others led by the hand.

Ashur-bani-pal seems to have been even fonder of hunting than of war, and the slabs that show him at his favourite "sport" of killing are in the finest style of Assyrian art that has come down to us.

"I, Ashur-bani-pal, king of hosts, king of Assyria, whom Ashur and Belit have endowed with might, slew four lions. The powerful blow of Ishtar, the lady of battle, over them I held and I poured out a libation over them." So had Ashur-nazir-pal some two hundred years before, as we saw in the *Nimroud Gallery*. But Ashur-bani-pal went beyond lions and bulls; wild horses and asses, harmless deer and goats all gave him the excitement of pursuit. See the processions of beaters, and men carrying nets and stakes; you can almost feel the great powerful dogs straining against the leash, and judge of the weight of the dead lion carried by six or more men. Do not miss the cages in which the lions were brought to the field and then let out by a man raising the bars from the top. Lions in the seventh century B.C. seem to have become more scarce than when Amenophis III killed his hundred and two lions in the fifteenth!

You can find many subjects for illustrations in your book in the *Assyrian Saloon*. Will you choose the Arabs' tents, the pretty grey wild asses, the goat with the kids, the rough mastiffs—the name of one of these is "Tearer of the Foe"—the royal boat with high prow like a Viking's, the lion's cage? Perhaps you will try to picture Ashur-bani-pal passing over the pavement from his palace with the beautiful lotus flower and bud border. He must be tall and strong with a broad face, wide-awake eyes, a straight nose, long and wavy hair. And the mouth? What will you expect from what you have seen of his life and character? He looks always well and carefully "groomed," with hair and beard perfumed and curled, and one of his state costumes is thus described: A high mitre of white wool striped with blue. A wide band, ornamented with rosettes in golden thread, holds it in place upon the forehead, the two ends being tied behind fall upon the neck. The short-sleeved dress is of very deep blue, embroidered with rosettes in red



cotton ; it is fastened round the waist by a wide sash, edged at the ends by a fringe decorated with glass beads, the designs on the heavily embroidered vest which completes the gorgeous array being minute copies of those we saw in the *Nimroud Gallery* of the king adoring the sacred trees, and struggling with lions. We must add the necklet and armlets of solid gold, and the umbrella with wide ends like a pugaree, to make the sketch complete.

But Ashur-bani-pal was more than a great warrior, sportsman and dandy, he was a great lover and collector of books. So had been his father Esar-haddon, his grandfather Sennacherib, his great-grandfather Sargon, and during the hundred years that this powerful family had ruled Assyria, they had founded and enriched libraries in the palaces they built. In the *Assyrian Room* are table-cases in which are shown some of the most precious and wonderful "books" from the royal library at Nineveh. They are of the same shape and kind as some of the documents we have already looked at in the upper room, being cakes of prepared clay, written upon with a specially shaped stylus when moist and then baked hard in an oven. Listen to the words which nearly every important tablet in this library bears upon it. "From the Palace of Ashur-bani-pal, king of hosts, king of Assyria, who putteth his trust in the gods who have bestowed upon him ears which hear, and eyes which see. I have inscribed upon tablets the noble products of the work of the scribe—and have arranged them in classes. I have revised them and I have placed them in my palace, that I, even I, the ruler who knoweth the light of Ashur, the king of the gods, may read them." He finishes with the Assyrian equivalent for "Steal not this book for fear of shame, for in it is the owner's name"—Ashur-bani-pal.

The ancient cities of Babylonia and Assyria had long possessed libraries, and the king sent scribes to make copies for him ; he also had lists of words and signs drawn up, together with copies of the old Akkadian "classics," with translations in the Assyrian of his day. You can trace the marks of fire which has scorched but not destroyed the books, and can see how often they are broken, most likely by falling from the shelves of wood, on which they were arranged, when the fire consumed the library in which they were stored.

But you are longing perhaps to sample and dip into the books to find out what they are about. In the first table-case we have the famous creation tablets, believed to be copied from far more ancient

ones. They give an account of the creation of the world, like in many respects to that given in the Book of Genesis. If you read the labels, you will hear of the great water-deep when the heavens and the earth were not and there were no plants. You will hear too of the creation of the stars and the appointment of the moon to determine the days, and so on up to the crowning creation of Man. Listen to the instructions which Marduk, the champion of the gods, gave to the first man :—

“Thy heart shall be pure before thy God, for that is what is due to him, thou shalt pray, thou shalt make supplication and bow low to the earth early in the morning. Speak no evil against thy friend and neighbour.”

In this case too is the thrilling fairy story or legend, perhaps one of the oldest in the world, of the exploits of a hero named Gilgamesh, which somewhat remind one of those of Heracles. On his way to the mountain of the sunset, Gilgamesh passes trees laden with precious stones instead of fruit, and a scorpion man and his wife. A sailor—are you thinking of Sinbad?—comes to the rescue and helps him and his friend to cross the sea, and then he hears the story of the Flood and the Ark, the swallow and the raven, from the man who was saved when all the rest of the world were drowned.

Children find it hard enough to learn the twenty-six signs, small and capital, with which we write now; the cuneiform signs used by the Assyrians numbered nearly six hundred. In the second table-case are lists of them, some in three columns, some in four, with the old languages and their translations and explanations with grammatical examples.

Next we come to some of the history books of the collection, and familiar names such as those of Sargon, Tiglath Pileser, Sennacherib, meet our eye.

Numerous letters about public and private affairs follow. One is called the “will” of Sennacherib, another is a letter to Ashur-bani-pal respecting the transport of some “colossi” on boats. Many relate to the treatment of the sick and the calling in of doctors. In one a lady is spoken of as grievously ill and unable to eat. The treatment of those times sounds very extraordinary to us. In one case the priest casts into the fire various objects, including a pod of garlic, a date, a palm frond. The idea seems to have been that illness was caused by being bewitched, and so all sorts of means are em-

ployed to get rid of the danger by charms and prayers. Some of the prayers to the gods are very beautiful; especially so is the Akkadian hymn to the moon god. It ends up with these words: "Among the gods, thy brethren, there is none who is like unto thee, O thou king of kings, whose judgments are inscrutable, and whose divinity is unsurpassed." One can linger with enjoyment for hours in this library of long ago, gaining glimpses into the daily life of the far past which set us thinking and wondering.

Amongst the bricks from the buildings of the kings of Assyria—in the upper room, are many belonging to Ashur-bani-pal; there are also some fine cylinders of this king, one, a ten-sided one, gives an account of his birth and education, his campaigns and buildings. The stone stele sculptured with the figure of his twin brother, whom he made viceroy of Babylon, opens up a tragic story of the middle of the seventh century B.C., which ended in a palace in flames, in which the owner perished rather than surrender to the brother against whom he had revolted.

How little Ashur-bani-pal in his magnificence could have imagined that within thirty years of his death, near the end of this seventh century, his great kingdom which stretched from the Sea of the Rising to the Sea of the Setting Sun—the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean—would all fall apart, and his splendid palace and library be burnt in the destruction of his capital, Nineveh, after a siege of two years.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION

*Guide to the Babylonian and Assyrian Antiquities*, 1/-.

*Helps to the Study of the Bible*.

*Nineveh and its Palaces*, Bonomi.

*Harnsworth's History of the World*, Parts II and XIII (out of print).

*Destruction of Sennacherib's Army*, Byron.

*Ancient Egypt and Assyria*, Maspero.

## CHAPTER XII

### BABYLONIA

"Red of the Dawn!

Godless fury of peoples, and Christless frolic of kings,  
And the bolt of war dashing down upon cities and blazing farms,  
For Babylon was a child new-born, and Rome was a babe in arms,  
And London and Paris and all the rest are as yet but in leading-strings."

IN a case in the *Assyrian Room* on the upper floor there lies a brown and dusty skull, the fractures of which show that its owner met with a violent death. That skull is believed to have belonged to the soldier on guard in the palace of the Assyrian king when Nineveh fell. Lurid flashes of flame light up the awful scene across the twenty-five centuries that have passed away from then to now, as we watch the fire destroying what the enemies cannot take away. And after the crackling and roaring of the fire, the shouts of the soldiers, the bitter cries of the despairing and terrified crowds of rich and poor as they watch the destruction of the great city—their home—there comes the desolate silence. The pomp and splendour, the busy human life, the fine buildings with magnificent adornments and treasures are all swept away, and rain and flood, storm and wind, settle the ruins into the burial mounds of dust and clay which have kept them safely till these later days.

"This is the rejoicing city, which dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, 'I am, and there is none beside me.' How is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in." (Zephaniah.) The allies who overthrew Nineveh were Nabopolassar, an Assyrian general holding a command in Babylonia, and the Medes, a race of people from the east who were the forerunners of the Persians, and who were much connected with them by conquest and marriage. As the Medes destroyed and plundered the rest of the cities of Assyria in the same way as the capital, the country never rose again; it disappeared from history. You have in the eighteenth century B.C. page of your notebook the entry, "Assyria became a separate

kingdom," and in the centuries that followed you have many of the names of the kings of the sculptured reliefs and the tablets. Now towards the end of the seventh century we must write, "Nineveh and the Assyrian empire destroyed."

Nabopolassar became the first king of the Second Babylonian monarchy, which lasted about a hundred years. Let us first find in the upper room the clay cones of this king on which are told the story of his restoration of a temple at Babylon, and the cutting of a canal from the Euphrates to the city of Sippar, the Sun God. You will look again at the tablet showing the Babylonian king of the ninth century worshipping in the beautiful shrine. The inscription on the clay cone of Nabopolassar describes how the sides of the canal were made of bricks set in pitch, and this canal is believed to have been but a restoration of one that was cut by the great law-giver Khammurabi about fifteen hundred years before. The tablets of Nabopolassar relate to the sale of land and various kinds of loans, as do so many of the tablets of this second Babylonian empire, especially those of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, whose name comes at the end of the seventh century. His tablets are deeply interesting; there is one about the dowry of the bride Khamma, and the promises of her father that it shall be paid; the sale of a female slave and her baby; lists of accounts and endless business documents to do with the sale of houses and estates. All these are very much like those of the older Babylonian empire, which we have already seen, and as an example of the way in which the far past was ever copied and borne in mind, we must look at the weight next to the cones of Nabopolassar. The inscription upon it says that it is an exact copy of a weight made by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon from 604 B.C. to 561 B.C., after the standard fixed by Dungi, king of Babylon, 2500 B.C.!

But this is not the only link with the far past. Nebuchadnezzar was a great builder and restorer of temples and palaces, as well as an enthusiastic business man and agriculturist, and the cast of the celebrated inscription kept in the *India Office* reminds us of the mounds at Birs Nimrûd near Babylon, the traditional site of the Tower of Babel. Nebuchadnezzar tells us that "a king of olden time had built a famous tower of great height but he did not complete its head. Since that time the earthquake and the thunder had dispersed its sun-dried clay; the bricks of the casing had

been split and the earth of the interior had been scattered in heaps."

This tower, which may have been the far-famed Tower of Babel itself, Nebuchadnezzar rebuilt in seven stories, each faced with tiles of a different bright colour, such as we can see here in the Museum cases.

There is much more that is interesting in the *India Office* Inscription, such as accounts of the travels of Nebuchadnezzar through distant lands and over mountain ranges, and lists of the precious things he brought to Babylon. Then follow details of his great buildings—the walls of Babylon, hundreds of temples and shrines for the gods. "I love thy habitation on high," he says in his prayer to Marduk, "even as I love mine own dear life." The series of barrel-shaped cylinders and the inscriptions on the bronze doorstep and numberless bricks bearing his name and titles, all confirm and add to his reputation as a builder. His name is very familiar to us in Bible History, where we hear of his wars against Egypt and the Jews; in the course of the latter wars he took Jerusalem, seized and blinded the king, and carried the nation into captivity. Perhaps about this time the young Hebrew boy Daniel was taken to Babylon. We know the story of his long and adventurous life there, for the Book of Daniel carries us right into the huge city, and gives us vivid glimpses of the great king and the ways of his court. Read again the story of the brave resistance to the summons to worship the Golden Image—was it in the likeness of one of the Assyrian and Babylonian monsters we know by sight? Try to hear the music of the band of ringing instruments, many of them having Greek names, because even then there was commerce between the two countries. Try, too, to feel the flare of intense heat of the fiery furnace, as the "Three Children" are thrown in. Was the furnace used for drying the bricks, so largely made and used for the immense building works in this country where stone was so scarce? Try, too, to picture the intense pride of the king as he walked in his palace and said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of my kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" And then imagine the sudden loss of reason, when the dreadful madness of believing himself a beast of the field came upon him, so that he wandered out alone—eating grass.

Daniel acted as regent during his illness, and lived through the times of Nabonidus who followed. The cylinders of this king describe many building operations and are of special value in settling the dates of the ancient history of Babylonia as far back as the thirty-eighth century. Great was his satisfaction in finding monuments of Burnaburiash, one of the writers of the Tell-el-Amarna letters, a thousand years before his day, of Khammurabi—the maker of laws and canals—a thousand years (nearly) before Burnaburiash, and of Sargon I, a thousand years earlier than Khammurabi. Perhaps the satisfaction of Nabonidus was all the greater because renowned builders such as Esar-haddon and Nebuchadnezzar had sought for these monuments in vain. From the tablets of Nabonidus we can gather that the busy prosperous life was still going on in the carefully cultivated and watered fields in Babylonia, for we have lists of shepherds, husbandmen, gardeners, as well as numerous documents about the sale and transfer of land. Nabonidus made his son Belshazzar governor of Babylon.

Perhaps you have seen a picture of Belshazzar's Feast, for artists have more than once taken as a subject this most dazzling and exciting scene. A feast of a thousand guests in a magnificent hall, loud laughter and revelry at its height, while wine is being drunk out of the sacred vessels which belonged to the Jewish Temple.

Suddenly there flashes familiar words on the palace walls. The terrified feasters cannot imagine what these names of the four common weights of the Babylonian market—such as our lbs., oz., dwts.—can mean. Daniel himself, the chief of the College of Wise Men, must come and explain it to Belshazzar and his company. "The kingdom has been weighed in the scales and found wanting; it shall pass to the Medes and Persians," is the solemn answer.

Outside the walls a great army of hardy warriors, who ride well, speak the truth, drink water not wine, have been closing in on the careless city, and while the noisy feast goes on are silently turning aside the course of the river that runs through it.

That night the Persians entered the city, Belshazzar was killed, and Babylonia passed to Persian rule under Cyrus.

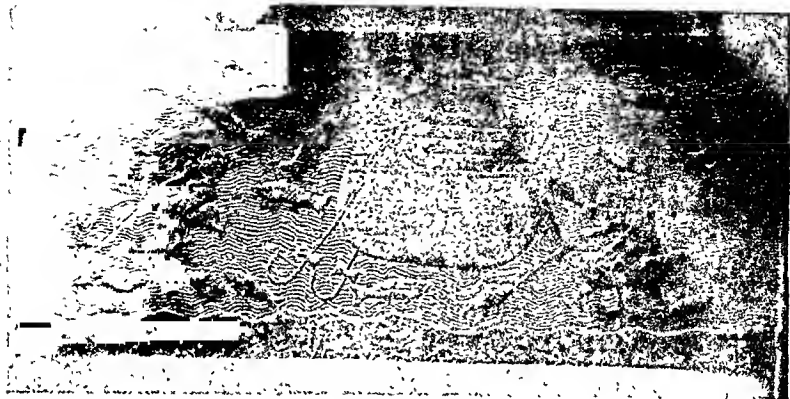
The baked clay cylinder of Cyrus, king of Babylonia 538 B.C., and a tablet amongst the other historical annals of the kingdom,

give an account of his entry with his Persians. From them we learn that he entered the city of Babylon without battle and without fighting, and that he spared Babylon tribulation. We want to read all the notes that are given in the cases, and then as we pass from one to another of the business tablets belonging to the times of the Persian kings, we realize that life in the country went on just as it did before the conquest. There are the same sort of documents relating to dowries, debts and loans; a loan of 1,200 measures of onions sounds a large order! There are also the same sales of slaves and land, with special reference to date plantations, and the apprenticeship of slaves to learn trades such as weaving and stone-cutting, and also for providing garments for the deities. Does this last make you think of the work of the Athenian girls for Athene? Cyrus was especially favourable to the Jewish exiles he found in Babylonia, and at the end of the seventy years' captivity he sent a caravan of about 50,000 of them up the Euphrates valley and across the desert under Zerubbabel, to seek their old homes and rebuild the Temple. It is thought that they cheered the long weary march of some three or four months with the beautiful strains of their national music, perhaps Psalm lxxxiv, for once more as hopeful and free men they could happily sing the songs of Sion, which had been impossible to them as they wept by the waters of Babylon.

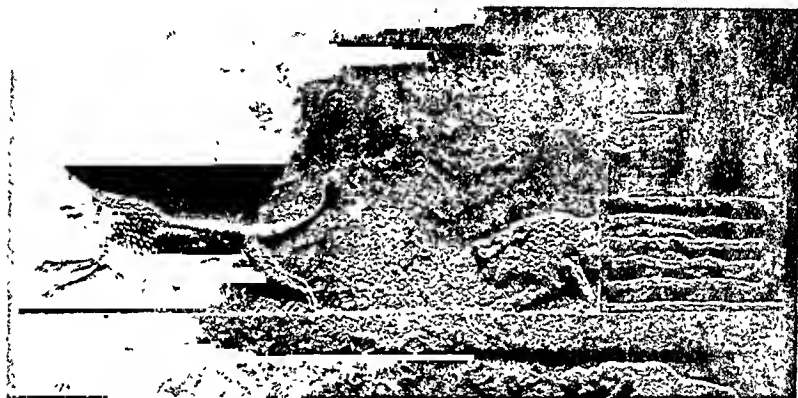
The wise and brave Daniel, now a very old man, was one of those who stayed behind, and to this time belongs the story of the den of lions when the great Darius had ascended the throne, after the short reign of the mad Cambyses, who wrought such havoc in Egypt and in his own family.

We have many reminders of Darius in the Museum. There is a cylinder seal such as might have been used to seal Daniel's prison for the night, with the name of Darius in three languages, Persian, Scythic or Median, and Babylonian, and the national god of the Persians hovering over the king hunting in his chariot, as the Assyrian Ashur hovered over Ashur-nazir-pal and his successors. Then there are the casts of many important inscriptions of his times and later, including the Squeezes from the Rock of Behistun, engraved as we have seen on the face of a very high cliff, well out of reach even of the scholars who wished to unravel the mystery of the arrow-headed writing with their help. The name of Darius, as

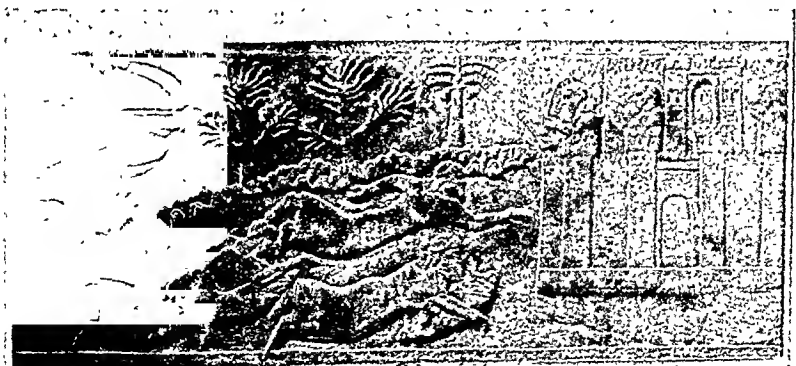




Boats on the Tigris. Part of a marble slab recording the building of Sennacherib's Palace—page 125.



Lions let out of cage. Part of a marble slab recording hunting expedition of Ashur-bani-pal—page 128.



Fugitives swimming to a fortress on inflated skins. Part of a marble slab recording campaigns of Ashur-nazir-pal—page 121.

on the cylinder seal, is in the three languages of the chief peoples over whom he ruled. The scene cut in the rock at Behistun, showing Darius receiving the submission of ten chiefs with ropes round their necks, is very fine, and the hovering god above is so distinct that it would make a good illustration for the end of the sixth century in the notebook. Darius, who did much for trade and security in his wide dominions by settling the coinage and establishing good roads, reigned from 521 B.C. to 483 B.C.

This latter date brings us to that wonderful fifth century B.C. already so full of names and drawings in our notebooks. As you will see from your entries, it was during the middle years of this century that we wandered by the Nile, listening to the pleasant chat of Herodotus, the Father of History, who has also much to say about the Persians and mighty Babylon, with walls fifteen miles square, pierced by a hundred brazen gates; he shows us, too, the busy quays on the Euphrates, the wonderful hanging gardens, the brilliant temples and palaces. For, as you will remember, it was the history of the wars between the Greeks and Persians that he set out to write, while the events of that great world-struggle between East and West were still fresh in men's minds.

The struggle began in the reign of Darius with differences between the Greek colonies in Asia Minor and the Persian ruler to whom they owed taxes and service. When the Athenians sympathized with their countrymen across the blue sea of many islands and helped them burn an important town, Darius burst out in a rage. "The Athenians, who are they? Great Jove, grant me vengeance on the Athenians!"

The echoes of the struggle that followed in the first years of the fifth century B.C. still make our hearts beat, our eyes shine as we read of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis. Darius with ten times as many Persians as there were Greeks, was utterly routed at Marathon; his son Xerxes, who succeeded him, at Salamis; Thermopylæ, where the Spartans were killed to a man, was for the Greeks a defeat greater than any victory. In the Museum we can find a deed of partnership of the reign of Xerxes, next to numerous deeds of his father's reign; there are also a few fragments of alabaster vases inscribed with his names and titles.

When his vast host—from two to five millions—failed to spread over Europe, as it would have done but for gallant little Greece,

Xerxes retired to his capital at Susa, and it is here that the Bible History, if Xerxes be Ahasuerus, admits us to an audience with the hero of the ivory throne, and the fetters for the unruly Hellespont. He had always favoured the Jews, and we can see how much influence they had in the story of Esther, the beautiful Jewess he made his wife.

Artaxerxes, his son, had a Jewish cup-bearer, Nehemiah, whom he sent with Ezra to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, and teach the people the law of God. There are a few deed tablets of Artaxerxes next those of his father and grandfather. During the time of confusion and plots that followed the death of this Artaxerxes I, when the great empire of a hundred and twenty-seven provinces, that stretched from India to Ethiopia, was slowly breaking up, a body of Greek soldiers, employed by one brother against another, was led into the very heart of the country to Babylon itself. When the fortune of war failed them, the leader of their long weary homeward journey through an unfriendly country was a young Athenian, Xenophon. The story of their sufferings and hardships by the way, how they were borne, their shouts of joy when seeing at last, shining below them, the waters of the Black Sea, is all related by Xenophon in one of the best-known books of ancient times. You can write the name of the author and the title of the book, *The Retreat of the 10,000 Greeks*, at the beginning of the fourth century, and find a soldier of the times from the frieze of the Nereid or Mausoleum tomb for an illustration.

Through the first part of this fourth century, the quarrels amongst the States of Greece were preparing the way for the rise of the kingdom of Macedon, which about 333 B.C. brings us face to face with Alexander, the world conqueror. In the course of a few years what was known of Europe, Africa, Asia, fell before him. He defeated Darius III in more than one battle, and after the death of the Persian king became monarch of the East. Perhaps there is no picture in all the romantic story more thrilling than the meeting of the conqueror with the widow and children of the man whose splendour was now his. When we gazed at Alexander's face—the bust in the *Ephesus Room*, the coins in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life*—we thought of him chiefly as the conqueror of Egypt, the founder of Alexandria. As we look at him again—remembering how Caracalla is said to have been proud to imitate the turn of his

head—we stand confused and overwhelmed at the thought of his triumphs in Asia, his magnificence and mad folly. He died at Babylon, eight years after the battle of Arbela, in which the old Persian empire came to an end.

There are many centuries lying between Alexander's days and ours, during which the modern nations of Europe, Germany, France, England and the rest, have been born and have grown to what they are now. It is a long and intricate story, how these centuries of growth in the West have passed chiefly in decay in the land of Two Rivers in the East.

The few illustrative objects in the Museum are but as stepping stones here and there with which to bridge the stream of time, as waves of conquest passed by, nations rose and fell, and misrule, neglect, ignorance brought the once cultivated land, well watered by canals carefully kept up, back to its first desert state.

Perhaps you would like to find a few of these stepping stones for the sake of future study. To the second century B.C. belong the tablets referring to star-gazing, one of which served as a reading book for students; they remind us of the Wise Men of the East led by a bright star to Bethlehem a little later. Parthian earthenware coffins and some smaller bronze and clay objects, vases, cups, lamps, will give subjects for illustration in the centuries between the Greek and Roman occupations. Portraits of the rulers can be found amongst the coins belonging to the time of the Decline of Art.

The Roman necklaces of carnelian, crystal and other beads date from the centuries when the dwellers in the eastern countries were fellow subjects with the ancient Britons under the world-empire of Rome.

Of special interest are the medicine bowls dating from the third century B.C. to the fourth A.D. Fancy reciting with the doctor when one is ill the text round a bowl of water, immediately before or after drinking it!

From the Sassanian or New Persian period—from the third to the seventh centuries A.D.—we have bronze helmets and inlaid silver bracelets, rings and cut gems, adorned with lions, bulls and winged horses, and some with named portraits.

The beautiful copy of the Koran amongst the Oriental Manuscripts in the *King's Library* will remind us of the great power of the

followers of Mahomet after the sixth century A.D. They are still paramount in the land of the Two Rivers.

“ Red of the Dawn!

Is it turning a fainter red? So be it, but when shall we lay  
The ghost of the Brute that is walking and haunting us yet, and be free?  
In a hundred, a thousand winters? Ah, what will *our* children be?  
The men of a hundred thousand, a million summers away!”

—Tennyson.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION

*Guide to the Babylonian and Assyrian Antiquities*, 1/-.

*Helps to the Study of the Bible.*

*Harmsworth's History of the World*, Part III.

*The Egyptian Princess*, George Ebers.

*Illustrations for School Classics*, by G. F. Hill, M.A.; Macmillan.

*Plutarch's Lives—Alexander.*

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